Stothard delin. *Published by T. & W. Lowndes April 1st 1783.* *Sharp sculp.*

Mrs SIDDONS as EUPHRASIA.

Euph. *Now one glorious effort !*

THE

GRECIAN DAUGHTER.

A

TRAGEDY.

WRITTEN BY

ARTHUR MURPHY, Esq.

Marked with the Variations in the

MANAGER's BOOK,

AT THE

Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. AND W. LOWNDES, IN FLEET-STREET; AND S. BLADON, IN PATERNOSTER-ROW. M.DCC.LXXXIV.

BRITISH MUSEUM
30 65
OCT

1607/2959

*** The Reader is desired to observe, that the passages omitted in the Representation at the Theatres are here preserved, and marked with inverted Commas; as in Line 17 to 21, in Page 10.

TO

Mrs. BARRY,

(With a Printed Copy of the GRECIAN DAUGHTER)

From the AUTHOR.

ENCHANTING Genius! Syren of the age!
Oh! form'd to animate a drooping ſtage!
Bleſs'd in thy talents; matchleſs in thy art!
Delightful tyrant of the feeling heart!!
This Play be thine; accept the Poet's praiſe,
And ſtill endure the ſcenes you help'd to raiſe.
Britain and France ſhall now the laurel ſhare;
Thou CLAIRON here, and She a BARRY there!
Proceed, Great Actreſs! Friend of ev'ry Muſe!
The NINE without Thee half their rapture loſe.
Fair Virtue's Image THEY can only trace;
THOU giv'ſt her form, and harmony, and grace.
In human ſhape (what PLATO wiſh'd to ſee)
She walks the ſtage, ſhe breathes, ſhe charms in Thee.
Proceed each night to draw the tender tear,
Pleaſe ev'ry eye, and raviſh every ear.
Nor let the pride of a too ſelfiſh age
Damp with unhallow'd ſounds thy native rage.
Ah! let not ſurly wealth thy art degrade,
And call its influence a MERE MIMIC TRADE.
THINE IS THE ART, which TULLY priz'd of yore,
Himſelf inſtructed by theatric lore:
THINE IS THE ART DEMOSTHENES admir'd.
Th' Athenian ſtate when his BOLD ACTION fir'd;
Aloft, LIKE THINE, when his extended hand
Menac'd the proud oppreſſors of the land;
And, nerv'd by feelings equal to thy own,
Made HAUGTY PHILIP tremble on his throne.
Go, fair Enthuſiaſt! with thy magic ſkill
Mould the obedient Paſſions to thy will.

The Paſſions, pliant to thy ſov'reign ſway,
Alternate riſe, blend, mix, and melt away.
Shew how Euphraſia, of affections mild,
Doats on her Sire, her Huſband, and her Child.
Sweet fall the accents—Oh! let ſtillneſs reign,
While the ſoft Warbler pours her plaintive ſtrain!
Sweet fall the accents, meek as ev'ry grace
That decks that Form, and beams around the Face.
Then riſing higher, urg'd by Nature's laws,
Brave ev'ry danger in a Father's cauſe.
With pilgrim feet aſcend the craggy ſteep;
There might the night-bird liſten as you weep.
Thence to the tyrant wing thy rapid way,
And ſhake his ſoul with terror and diſmay.
Alarm'd, diſtracted, wild with madd'ning fears,
" Amaze the faculties of eyes and ears."
To vengeance rouz'd, charming in horror ſhine,
And bid e'en BRUTUS' dagger envy thine.
Lovely aſſaſſin!—Hark! with loud acclaim
Conſenting Theatres atteſt thy fame!
Delighted hear thee, with true genius fraught,
Give weight to words, and energy to thought.
Wak'd by thy voice, to life each Muſe ſhall ſpring,
" What Muſe for BARRY can refuſe to ſing?"
WAITEHEAD once more ſhall form the juſt deſign,
And tune the note, almoſt as ſweet as thine;
MASON be tempted to unlock his ſtore,
And his lov'd CHORUS meditate no more.
Then may we view, to claim the Poet's prize,
New SOUTHERNS, ROWES, and other OTWAYS riſe;
A SHAKSPEARE comes but once from the indulgent ſkies.
Theſe ſcenes no longer ſhall attract thy eye,
Poor loſt EUPHRASIA thrown neglected by.
A FEMALE-GARRICK Britain's ſtage ſhall ſee,
And e'en the BARD owe half his fame to THEE.

BRITISH MUSEUM 30 65 OCT

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. WESTON.

He peeps in at the Stage Door.

HIP! muſic! muſic!—Have you more to play?
Somewhat I'd offer——Stop your cat-gut, pray.

Will you permit, and not pronounce me rude,
A bookſeller one moment to intrude?
My name is Foolſcap:—ſince you ſaw me laſt,
Fortune hath given me a rare helping caſt.
To all my toils a wife hath put a ſtop——
A devil then; but now I keep a ſhop.
My maſter died, poor man!—He's out of print!
His widow,—ſhe had eyes, and took my hint.
A prey to grief ſhe could not bear to be,
And ſo turn'd over a new leaf with me.

I drive a trade; have authors in my pay,
Men of all work, per week, per ſheet, per day.
Trav'llers—*who not one foreign country know:*
And Paſt'ral Poets—*in the ſound of Bow.*
Tranſlators—*from the Greek they never read;*
Cantabs *and* Sophs—*in Covent Garden bred.*
Hiſtorians, *who can't write;—who only take*
Sciſſars and paſte; cut, vamp; a book they make.

I've treated for this play; can buy it too,
If I could learn what you intend to do.
If for nine nights you'll bear this tragic ſtuff;
I have a newſpaper, and there can puff.

A newſpaper does wonders!—None can be
In debt, in love, dependent or quite free,
Ugly or handſome, well, or ill in bed,
Single or married, or alive or dead;
But we give life, death, virtue, vice with eaſe;
In ſhort, a newſpaper does what we pleaſe.

There jealous authors at each other bark,
Till truth leaves not one glimpse, no, not one spark;
But lyes meet lyes, and jostle in the dark.
Our bard within has often felt the dart
Sent from our quiver, levell'd at his heart.
I've priss'd him, ere he plays this desp'rate game,
To answer all, and vindicate his name.
But he, convinc'd that all but truth must die,
Leaves to its own mortality the lye.
Would any know,—while parties fight pell-mell,
How he employs his pen?—his play will tell.
To that he trusts; That he submits to you,
Aim'd at your tend'rest feelings,—moral,—new,
The scenes, he hopes, will draw the heart-felt tear;
Scenes that come home to ev'ry bosom here.

If this will do, I'll run and buy it straight;
Stay—let me see; I think I'd better wait———
Yes;—I'll lie snug till you have fix'd its fate.

EPILOGUE,

THE Grecian Daughter's *compliments to all;*
Begs that for Epilogue you will not call;
For leering, giggling, would be out of season,
And hopes you'll hear by me a little reason.
A father rais'd from death, a nation sav'd,
A tyrant's crimes by female spirit brav'd,
That tyrant stabb'd, and by her nerveless arm,
While Virtue's spell surrounding guards could charm!
Can she, this sacred tumult in her breast,
Turn Father, Freedom, Virtue, all to Jest?
Wake you, ye fair ones, from your sweet repose,
As wanton zephyrs wake the sleeping rose;
Dispel these clouds which o'er your eyelids crept,
Which our wise Bard mistook, and swore you wept.

Shall

Shall she to Macaronies *life restore,*
Who yawn'd, half dead, and curs'd the tragic Bore?
Dismiss 'em, smirking, to their nightly haunt,
Where dice and cards their moon-struck minds enchant.
Some muffled, like the witches in Macbeth,
Brood o'er the magic circle, pale as death!
Others, the cauldron go about—about—
And Ruin enters, as the Fates run out!

Bubble, bubble
Toil and trouble,
Passions burn,
And bets are double!
Double! double!
Toil and trouble,
Passions burn,
And all is bubble!

But, fasts apart, for scandal forms these tales,
Falsehood be mute—let Justice hold her scales:
Britons, we're ne'er enslav'd by evil pow'rs;
To peace and wedded love they give their midnight hours;
From slumbers pure no rattling dice can wake 'em;
Who make *the laws were never known to* break *'em.*
'Tis false, ye Fair, whatever Spleen may say,
That you down Folly's tide are borne away;
You never wish at deep distress to sneer,
For eyes, tho' bright, are brighter thro' a tear.
Should it e'er be this Nation's wretched fate
To laugh at all that's good, and wise, and great;
Arm'd at all points, let Genius take the field,
And on the stage afflicted Virtue shield;
Drive from the land each base unworthy passion,
Till Virtue triumph in despite of Fashion.

Dramatis Perſonæ. 1784.

	At Drury-Lane.	At Covent-Garden.
MEN.		
Evander	Mr. Bensley.	Mr. Henderson.
Philotas,	Mr. Brereton.	Mr. Whitfield.
Melanthon	Mr. Packer.	Mr. Hull.
Phocion,	Mr. Farren.	Mr. Wroughton
Dionyſius,	Mr. Palmer.	Mr. Aikin.
Calippus,	Mr. Chaplin	Mr. Thompson.
Arcas,	Mr. Wrighten.	Mr. Fearon.
Greek Herald,	Mr. R. Palmer.	Mr. Davies.
Perdiccas,		Mr. Thompson.
Officer	Mr. Phillimore.	Mr. Booth.
Greek Soldier,	Mr. Davies.	
WOMEN.		
Euphraſia,	Mrs. Siddons.	Mrs. Crawford.
Erixene,	Miſs Hale.	Miſs Platt.

SCENE, *SYRACUSE.*

THE
GRECIAN DAUGHTER,
A
TRAGEDY.

ACT I.

Enter Melanthon *and* Philotas.

Melanthon.

YET, yet a moment; hear, Philotas, hear me!
Phil. No more; it muſt not be.
Melan. Obdurate man;
Thus wilt thou ſpurn me, when a king diſtreſs'd,
A good, a virtuous, venerable king,
The father of his people, from a throne
Which long with ev'ry virtue he adorn'd,
Torn by a ruffian, by a tyrant's hand,
Groans in captivity? In his own palace
Lives a ſequeſter'd priſoner?——Oh! Philotas,
If thou haſt not renounc'd humanity,
Let me behold my ſovereign; once again
Admit me to his preſence: let me ſee
My royal maſter.
Phil. Urge thy ſuit no further;
Thy words are fruitleſs; Dionyſius' orders
Forbid acceſs; he is our ſov'reign now;
'Tis his to give the law, mine to obey.
Melan. Thou canſt not mean it—his to give the law!
Deteſted ſpoiler!—his! a vile uſurper!
Have we forgot the elder Dionyſius,
Surnam'd the Tyrant? To Sicilia's throne
The monſter waded through whole ſeas of blood.

Sore groan'd the land beneath his iron rod;
Till rous'd at length Evander came from Greece,
Like Freedom's genius came, and ſent the tyrant,
Stript of the crown, and to his humble rank
Once more reduc'd, to roam, for vile ſubſiſtence,
A wandering ſophiſt, thro' the realms of Greece.

Phil. Melanthon, yes: full clearly I remember
The ſplendid day, when all rejoicing Sicily
Hail'd her deliverer.

Melan. Shall the tyrant's ſon
Deduce a title from the father's guilt;
Philotas, thou wert once the friend of goodneſs;
Thou art a Greek; fair Corinth gave thee birth;
I mark'd thy growing youth; I need not tell,
With what an equal ſway Evander reign'd,
How juſt, how upright, generous and good!
'From ev'ry region bards and ſages came;
'Whate'er of ſcience ancient Egypt ſtor'd,
'All that the Eaſt had treaſur'd: all that Greece
'Of moral wiſdom taught, and Plato's voice,
'Was heard in Sicily.' Shall Dionyſius
Extinguiſh ev'ry virtue in the land,
Bow to his yoke the necks of freeborn men,
And here perpetuate a tyrant's reign?

Phil. Whate'er his right, to him in Syracuſe
All bend the knee; his the ſupreme dominion,
And death and torment wait his ſovereign nod.

Melan. But ſoon that pow'r ſhall ceaſe: behold his walls
Now cloſe encircled by the Grecian bands;
Timoleon leads them on; indignant Corinth
Sends her avenger forth, array'd in terror,
To hurl ambition from a throne uſurp'd,
And bid all Sicily reſume her rights.

Phil. Thou wert a ſtateſman once, Melanthon; now,
Grown dim with age, thy eye pervades no more
The deep-laid ſchemes which Dionyſius plans.
Know then, a fleet from Carthage even now
Stems the rough billow; and, ere yonder ſun,
That now declining ſeeks the Weſtern wave,
Shall to the ſhades of night reſign the world,

Thou'rt

Thou'lt ſee the Punic ſails in younder bay,
Whoſe waters waſh the walls of Syracuſe.
Melan. Art thou a ſtranger to Timoleon's name?
Intent to plan, and circumſpect to ſee
All poſſible events, he ruſhes on
Reſiſtleſs in his courſe! Your boaſted maſter
Scarce ſtands at bay; each hour the ſtrong blockade
Hems him in cloſer, and ere long thou'lt view
Oppreſſion's iron rod to fragments ſhiver'd!
The good Evander then———
Phil. Alas, Evander
Will ne'er behold the golden time you look for!
Melan. How! Not behold it! Say, Philotas, ſpeak;
Has the fell tyrant, have his felon murderers.
Phil. As yet, my friend, Evander lives.
Melan And yet
Thy dark half-hinted purpoſe—Lead me to him—
If thou haſt murder'd him———
Phil. By Heav'n he lives.
Melan. Then bleſs me with one tender interview.
Thrice has the ſun gone down, ſince laſt theſe eyes
Have ſeen the good old king; ſay, why is this?
Wherefore debarr'd his preſence? Thee, Philotas,
The troops obey, that guard the royal priſ'ner;
Each avenue to thee is open; thou
Canſt grant admittance: let me, let me ſee him!
Phil. Entreat no more; the ſoul of Dionyſius
Is ever wakeful; rent with all the pangs
That wait on conſcious guilt.
Melan. But when dun night———
Phil. Alas! it cannot be—But mark my words:
Let Greece urge on her general aſſault.
Diſpatch ſome friend, who may o'erleap the walls,
And tell Timoleon, the good old Evander
Has liv'd three days, by Dionyſius' order,
Lock'd up from ev'ry ſuſtenance of nature;
And life, now wearied out, almoſt expires,
Melan. If any ſpark of virtue dwell within thee,
Lead me, Philotas, lead me to his priſon.
Phil. The tyrant's jealous care hath mov'd him thence.

Melan. Ha! mov'd him, ſay'ſt thou?
Phil. At the midnight hour,
Silent convey'd him up the ſteep aſcent,
To where the elder Dionyſius form'd,
On the ſharp ſummit of the pointed rock,
Which overhangs the deep, a dungeon drear:
Cell within cell, a labyrinth of horror,
Deep cavern'd in the cliff, where many a wretch,
Unſeen by mortal eye, has groan'd in anguiſh,
And died obſcure, unpitied, and unknown,
Melan. Clandeſtine murderer! Yes, there's the ſcene
Of horrid maſſacre. Full oft I've walk'd,
When all things lay in ſleep and darkneſs huſh'd,
Yes, oft I've walk'd the lonely ſullen beach,
And heard the mournful ſound of many a corſe
Plung'd from the rock into the wave beneath,
That murmur'd on the ſhore. And means he thus
To end a monarch's life? Oh! grant my pray'r;
My timely ſuccour may protect his days;
The guard is yours ——
Phil. Forbear; thou plead'ſt in vain;
I muſt not yield; it were aſſur'd deſtruction.
Farewell; diſpatch a meſſage to the Greeks;
I'll to my ſtation; now thou know'ſt the worſt, [*Exit.*
Melan. Oh! loſt Evander! Loſt Euphraſia too!
How will her gentle nature bear the ſhock
Of a dear father, thus in ling'ring pangs
A prey to famine, like the vileſt wretch
Whom the hard hand of Miſery hath grip'd!
In vain ſhe'll rave with impotence of ſorrow;
Perhaps provoke her fate: Greece arms in vain;
All's loſt; Evander dies!

Enter Calippus.

Calip. Where is the king?
Our troops, that ſallied to attack the foe,
Retire diſorder'd; to the eaſtern gate
The Greeks purſue! Timoleon rides in blood!
Arm, arm, and meet their fury.
Melan. To the citadel
Direct thy footſteps; Dionyſius there

Marſhals

Marſhals a choſen band.
Calip. Do thou call forth
Thy hardy veterans; haſte, or all is loſt! [*Exit.*
[*Warlike muſic.*
Melan. Now, ye juſt Gods, now look propitious down;
Now give the Grecian ſabre tenfold edge,
And ſave the virtuous king! [*Warlike muſic.*
Enter Euphraſia.
Euph. War on, ye heroes,
Ye great aſſerters of a monarch's cauſe!
Let the wild tempeſt riſe. Melanthon, ha!
Didſt thou not hear the vaſt tremendous roar?
Down tumbling from its baſe the eaſtern tow'r
Burſt on the tyrant's ranks, and on the plain
Lies an extended ruin.
Melan. Still new horrors
Increaſe each hour, and gather round our heads.
Euph. The glorious tumult lifts my tow'ring ſoul.
Once more, Melanthon, once again my father
Shall mount Sicilia's throne.
Melan. Alas! that hour
Would come with joy to ev'ry honeſt heart,
Would ſhed divineſt bleſſings from its wing;
But no ſuch hour in all the round of time;
I fear, the Fates averſe will e'er lead on.
Euph. And ſtill, Melanthon, ſtill does pale Deſpair
Depreſs thy ſpirit? Lo! Timoleon comes
Arm'd with the pow'r of Greece: the brave, the juſt,
God-like Timoleon! ardent to redreſs,
He guides the war, and gains upon his prey.
A little interval ſhall ſet the victor
Within our gates triumphant.
Melan. Still my fears
Forebode for thee. Would thou hadſt left this place,
When hence your huſband, the brave Phocion fled,
Fled with your infant ſon!
Euph. In duty fix'd,
Here I remain'd, while my brave gen'rous Phocion
Fled with my child, and from his mother's arms
Bore my ſweet little one—Full well thou know'ſt

The

The pangs I ſuffer'd in that trying moment;
Did I not weep? Did I not rave and ſhriek,
And by the roots tear my diſhevell'd hair?
Did I not follow on the ſea-beat ſhore,
Reſolv'd with him and with my blooming boy
To truſt the winds and waves?

Melan. Deem not, Euphraſia,
I e'er can doubt thy conſtancy and love.

Euph. Melanthon, how I lov'd, the Gods who ſaw
Each ſecret image that my fancy form'd,
The Gods can witneſs how I lov'd my Phocion.
And yet I went not with him. Could I do it?
Could I deſert my father? Could I leave,
The venerable man, who gave me being,
A victim here in Syracuſe, nor ſtay
To watch his fate, to viſit his affliction,
To cheer his priſon hours, and with the tear
Of filial virtue bid ev'n bondage ſmile?

Melan. The pious act, whate'er the fates intend,
Shall merit heart-felt praiſe.

Euph. Yes, Phocion, go,
Go with my child, torn from this matron breaſt,
This breaſt that ſtill ſhould yield its nurture to him.
Fly with my infant to ſome happier ſhore;
If he be ſafe, Euphraſia dies content.
Till that ſad cloſe of all, the taſk be mine
To tend a father with delighted care,
To ſmooth the pillow of declining age,
See him ſink gradual into mere decay,
On the laſt verge of life watch ev'ry look,
Explore each fond unutterable wiſh,
Catch his laſt breath, and cloſe his eyes in peace.

Melan. I would not add to thy afflictions; yet
My heart miſgives;—Evander's fatal period——

Euph. Still is far off: the Gods have ſent relief,
And once again I ſhall behold him king.

Melan. Alas! this dream of hope at length may waken
To deep deſpair.

Euph. The ſpirit-ſtirring virtue
That glows within me, ne'er ſhall know deſpair.

No,

No, I will truſt the Gods. Deſponding man!
Haſt thou not heard with what reſiſtleſs ardour
Timoleon drives the tumult of the war?
Haſt thou not heard him thund'ring at our gates?
The tyrant's pent up in his laſt retreat;
Anon thou'lt ſee his battlements in duſt,
His walls, his ramparts, and his tow'rs in ruin;
Deſtruction pouring in on ev'ry ſide,
Pride and oppreſſion at their utmoſt need,
And nought to ſave him in his hopeleſs hour.

[*A flouriſh of trumpets.*

Melan. Ha! the fell tyrant comes—Beguile his rage,
And o'er your ſorrows caſt a down of gladneſs.

Enter Dionyſius, Calippus, Officers, &c.

Dion. The vain preſumptuous Greek! His hopes of conqueſt,
Like a gay dream, are vaniſh'd into air.
Proudly elate, and fluſh'd with eaſy triumph
O'er vulgar warriors, to the gates of Syracuſe
He urg'd the war, till Dionyſius arm
Let ſlaughter looſe, and taught his daſtard train
To ſeek their ſafety by inglorious flight.

Euph. O Dionyſius, if diſtracting fears
Alarm this throbbing boſom, you will pardon
A frail and tender ſex. Sould ruthleſs war
Roam through our ſtreets, and riot here in blood,
Where ſhall the loſt Euphraſia find a ſhelter?
In vain ſhe'll kneel, and claſp the ſacred altar.
O let me then, in mercy let me ſeek
The gloomy manſion, where my father dwells;
I die content, if in his arms I periſh.

Dion. Thou lovely trembler, huſh thy fears to reſt.
The Greek recoils; like the impetuous ſurge
That daſhes on the rock, there breaks, and foams,
And backward rolls into the ſea again.
All ſhall be well in Syracuſe: a fleet
Appears in view, and brings the choſen ſons
Of Carthage. From the hill that fronts the harbour,
I ſaw their canvas ſwelling with the wind,
While on the purple wave the weſtern ſun
Glanc'd the remains of day.

Euph.

Euph. Yet till the fury
Of war ſubſide, the wild, the horrid interval,
In ſafety let me ſoothe to dear delight
In a lov'd father's preſence; from his ſight,
For three long days, with ſpecious feign'd excuſe,
Your guards debarr'd me. Oh! while yet he lives,
Indulge a daughter's love; worn out with age
Soon muſt he ſeal his eyes in endleſs night,
And with his converſe charm my ear no more.
Dion. Why thus anticipate misfortune? Still
Evander mocks the injuries of time.
Calippus, thou ſurvey the city round;
Station the centinels, that no ſurpriſe
Invade the unguarded works, while drowſy night
Weighs down the ſoldier's eye. Afflicted fair,
Thy couch invites thee. When the tumult's o'er,
Thou'lt ſee Evander with redoubled joy.
Though now unequal to the cares of empire
His age ſequeſter him, yet honours high
Shall gild the ev'ning of his various day.
Euph. For this benignity accept my thanks,
They guſh in tears, and my heart pours its tribute.
Dion. Perdiccas, ere the morn's revolving light
Unveil the face of things, do thou diſpatch
A well-oar'd galley to Hamilcar's fleet;
At the north point of yonder promontory
Let ſome ſelected officer inſtruct him
To moor his ſhips, and iſſue on the land:
Then my Timoleon tremble: vengeance then
Shall overwhelm his camp, purſue his bands
With fatal havock to the ocean's margin,
And caſt their limbs to glut the vulture's famine
In mangled heaps upon the naked ſhore,

[*Exeunt* Dionyſius *and Attendants.*

Euph. What do I hear? Melanthon can it be?
If Carthage comes, if her perfidious ſons
Liſt in his cauſe, the dawn of freedom's gone.

Melan.

Melan. Woe, bitt'reſt woe impends; thou wouldſt not [think—
Euph. How!—ſpeak!—unfold.—
Melan. My tongue denies it's office.
Euph. How is my father? Say, Melanthon—
Melan. He ——
Perhaps he dies this moment.—Since Timoleon
Firſt form'd his lines round this beleaguer'd city,
No nutriment has touch'd Evander's lips.
In the deep caverns of the rock impriſon'd
He pines in bittereſt want.
' *Euph.* To that abode
' Of woe and horror, that laſt ſtage of life,
' Has the fell tyrant mov'd him?
' *Melan.* There ſequeſter'd,
' Alas! he ſoon muſt periſh.'
Euph. Well, my heart,
Well do your vital drops forget to flow.
Melan. Enough his ſword has reek'd with public ſlaughter;
Now dark inſidious deeds muſt thin mankind.
Euph. Oh! night, that oft haſt heard my piercing ſhrieks
Diſturb thy awful ſilence; oft haſt heard
Each ſtroke theſe hands in frantic ſorrow gave
From this ſad breaſt reſounding, now no more
I mean to vent complaints; I mean not now
With buſy mem'ry to retrace the wrongs
His hand hath heap'd on our devoted race.
I bear it all; with calmeſt patience bear it:
Reſign'd and wretched, deſperate and loſt.
Melan. Deſpair, alas! is all the ſad reſource
Our fate allows us now.
Euph. Yet why deſpair?
Is that the tribute to a father due?
Blood is his due, Melanthon; yes, the blood,
The vile, black blood, that fills the tyrant's veins,
Would graceful look upon my dagger's point.
Come, vengeance, come, ſhake off this feeble ſex,
Sinew my arm, and guide it to his heart.
And thou, O filial piety, that rul'ſt

My woman's breaſt, turn to vindictive rage;
Aſſume the port of juſtice; ſhew mankind
Tyrannic guilt hath never dar'd in Syracuſe,
Beyond the reach of virtue.

Melan. Yet beware;
Controul this frenzy that bears down your reaſon.
Surrounded by his guards, the tyrant mocks
Your utmoſt fury; moderate your zeal,
Nor let him fear theſe tranſports of the ſoul,
Theſe wild upbraidings.

Euph. Shall Euphraſia's voice
Be huſh'd to ſilence, when a father dies?
Shall not the monſter hear his deeds accurſt?
Shall he not tremble, when a daughter comes,
Wild with her griefs, and terrible with wrongs,
Fierce in deſpair, all nature in her cauſe,
Alarm'd and rouz'd to vengeance?—Yes, Melanthon,
The man of blood ſhall hear me; yes, my voice
Shall mount aloft upon the wirlwind's wing,
Pierce yon blue vault, and bring the thunderer down.
Melanthon, come; my wrongs will lend me force;
The weakneſs of my ſex is gone; this arm
Feels tenfold ſtrength; this arm ſhall do a deed
For heav'n and earth, for men and Gods to wonder at:
This arm ſhall vindicate a father's cauſe. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

A wild romantic ſcene, amidſt overhanging rocks; a cavern on one ſide.

Arcas, *with a ſpear in his hand.*

THE gloom of night ſits heavy on the world;
And o'er the ſolemn ſcene ſuch ſtillneſs reigns,
As 'twere a pauſe of nature: on the beach
No murmuring billow breaks; the Grecian tents
Lie ſunk in ſleep; no gleaming fires are ſeen;
All Syracuſe is huſh'd; no ſtir abroad,

Save

Save ever and anon the daſhing oar,
That beats the ſullen wave. And hark!—Was that
The groan of anguiſh from Evander's cell,
Piercing the midnight gloom?—It is the ſound
Of buſtling prows, that cleave the briny deep.
Perhaps at this dead hour Hamilcar's fleet
Rides in the bay.

Enter Philotas, *from the cavern.*

Phil. What ho!—brave Arcas!—ho!
Arcas. Why thus deſert thy couch!
Phil. Methought the ſound
Of diſtant uproar chas'd affrighted ſleep.
Arcas. At intervals the oar's reſounding ſtroke
Comes echoing from the main. Save that report,
A death-like ſilence thro' the wide expanſe
Broods o'er the dreary coaſt.
Phil. Do thou retire,
And ſeek repoſe; the duty of thy watch
Is now perform'd; I take thy poſt.
Arcas. How fares
Your royal priſ'ner?
Phil. Arcas, ſhall I own
A ſecret weakneſs? My heart inward melts
To ſee that ſuffering virtue. On the earth,
The cold, damp earth, the royal victim lies;
And while pale famine drinks his vital ſpirit,
He welcomes death, and ſmiles himſelf to reſt.
Oh! would I could relieve him! Thou withdraw;
Thy wearied nature claims repoſe; and now
The watch is mine.
Arcas. May no alarm diſturb thee. [*Exit.*
Phil. Some dread event is lab'ring into birth.
At cloſe of day the ſullen ſky held forth
Unerring ſignals.—With diſaſtrous glare
The moon's full orb roſe crimſon'd o'er with blood;
And lo! athwart the gloom a falling ſtar
Trails a long tract of fire!——What daring ſtep

Sounds

Sounds on the flinty rock? Stand there; what ho!
Speak, ere thou dar'ſt advance.

Enter Euphraſia, *with a lantern in her hand.*

Euph. Thou need'ſt not fear;
It is a friend approaches.
Phil. Ha! what mean
Thoſe plaintive notes?
Euph. Here is no ambuſh'd Greek,
No warrior to ſurprize thee on the watch.
An humble ſuppliant comes.—Alas, my ſtrength
Exhauſted quite forſakes this weary frame.
Phil. What voice thus piercing thro' the gloom of night———
What art thou? Speak, unfold thy purpoſe; ſay,
What wretch, with what intent, at this dead hour—
Wherefore alarm'ſt thou thus our peaceful watch?
Euph. Let no miſtruſt affright thee—Lo! a wretch,
The verieſt wretch that ever groan'd in anguiſh,
Comes here to grovel on the earth before thee,
To tell her ſad, ſad tale, implore thy aid.
For ſure the pow'r is thine, thou canſt relieve
My bleeding heart, and ſoften all my woes.
Phil. Ha! ſure thoſe accents—[*takes the light from her.*
Euph. Deign to liſten to me.
Phil. Euphraſia!———
Euph. Yes; the loſt, undone Euphraſia;
Supreme in wretchedneſs; to th' inmoſt ſenſe,
Here in the quickeſt fibre of the heart,
Wounded, tranſfix'd, and tortur'd to diſtraction.
Phil. Why, princeſs, thus anticipate the dawn?
Still ſleep and ſilence wrap the weary world;
The ſtars in mid career uſurp the pole;
The Grecian bands, the winds, the waves are huſh'd;
All things are mute around us; all but you
Reſt in oblivious ſlumber from their cares.
Euph. Yes; all at peace; I only wake to miſery.
Phil. How didſt thou gain the ſummit of the rock?

Euph.

Euph. Give me my father; here you hold him fetter'd;
Oh! give him to me;—in the fond purſuit
All pain and peril vaniſh; love and duty
Inſpir'd the thought; deſpair itſelf gave courage;
I climb'd the hard aſcent; with painful toil
Surmouuted craggy cliffs, and pointed rocks;
What will not miſery attempt?—If ever
The touch of nature throbb'd within your breaſt,
Admit me to Evander; in theſe caves
I know he pines in want; let me convey
Some charitable ſuccour to a father.

Phil. Alas! Euphraſia, would I dare comply!

Euph. It will be virtue in thee. Thou, like me,
Wert born in Greece:—Oh! by our common parent—
Nay ſtay; thou ſhalt not fly; Philotas ſtay—
You have a father too;—think, were his lot
Hard as Evander's, if by felon hands
Chain'd to the earth, with ſlow-conſuming pangs
He felt ſharp want, and with an aſking eye
Implor'd relief, yet cruel men deny'd it,
Would'ſt thou not burſt through adamantine gates,
Through walls and rocks, to ſave him? Think, Philotas,
Of thy own aged ſire, and pity mine.
Think of the agonies a daughter feels,
When thus a parent wants the common food,
The bounteous hand of nature meant for all.

Phil. 'Twere beſt withdraw thee, princeſs; thy aſſiſtance
Evander wants not; it is fruitleſs all;
Thy tears, thy wild entreaties are in vain.

Euph. Ha!—thou haſt murder'd him! He is no more!
I underſtand thee;—butchers, you have ſhed
The precious drops of life! 'yet, e'en in earth,
'Let me behold him; let a daughter cloſe
'With duteous hand, a father's beamleſs eyes;
'Print her laſt kiſſes on his honour'd hand,
'And lay him decent in the ſhroud of death.'

Phil. Alas! this frantic grief can nought avail;
Retire, and ſeek the couch of balmy ſleep,
In this dead hour, this ſeaſon of repoſe.

Euph.

Euph. And doſt thou then, inhuman as thou art,
Adviſe a wretch like me to know repoſe?
This is my laſt abode: theſe caves, theſe rocks,
Shall ring for ever with Euphraſia's wrongs:
All Sicily ſhall hear me; yonder deep
Shall echo back, an injur'd daughter's cauſe;
Here will I rave, and ſhriek, and give
Theſe ſcatter'd locks to all the paſſing winds;
Call on Evander loſt; and, pouring curſes,
And cruel gods, and cruel ſtars invoking,
Stand on the cliff in madneſs and deſpair.

Phil. Yet calm this violence; reflect, Euphraſia,
With what ſevere enforcement Dionyſius
Exacts obedience to his dread command.
If here thou'rt found——

Euph. Here is Euphraſia's manſion, [*falls on the ground.*
Her fix'd eternal home:—inhuman ſavages,
Here ſtretch me with a father's murder'd corſe!
Then heap your rocks, your mountains on my head;
It will be kindneſs in you; I ſhall reſt
Intomb'd within a parent's arms.

Phil. By Heav'n
My heart in pity bleeds.

Euph. Talk'ſt thou of pity?
Yield to the gen'rous inſtinct; grant my pray'r;
Let my eyes view him, gaze their laſt upon him,
And ſhew you have ſome ſenſe of human woe.

Phil. Her vehemence of grief o'erpow'rs me quite.
My honeſt heart condemns the barb'rous deed,
And if I dare——

Euph. And if you dare!——Is that
The voice of manhood? Honeſt, if you dare!
'Tis the ſlave's virtue! 'Tis the utmoſt limit
Of the baſe coward's honour.——Not a wretch,
There's not a villain, not a tool of pow'r,
But, ſilence intereſt, extinguiſh fear,
And he will prove benevolent to man.
The gen'rous heart does more; will dare do all
That honour prompts.—How doſt thou dare to murder?—
Reſpect the gods, and know no other fear.

Phil.

Phil. Oh! thou haſt conquer'd.——Yes, Euphraſia, go,
Behold thy father——
Euph. Raiſe me, raiſe me up;
I'll bathe thy hand with tears, thou gen'rous man!
Phil. Yet mark my words; if aught of nouriſhment
Thou would'ſt convey, my partners of the watch
Will ne'er conſent——
Euph. I will obſerve your orders:
On any terms, oh! let me, let me ſee him.
Phil. Yon lamp will guide thee thro' the cavern'd way.
Euph. My heart runs o'er in thanks; the pious act
Timoleon ſhall reward; the bounteous gods,
And thy own virtue, ſhall reward the deed.
[*Goes into the cave.*

Phil. Prevailing, pow'rful virtue!—Thou ſubdu'ſt
The ſtubborn heart, and mould'ſt it to thy purpoſe.
Would I could ſave them!—But tho' not for me
The glorious pow'r to ſhelter innocence,
Yet for a moment to aſſuage its woes,
Is the beſt ſympathy, the pureſt joy
Nature intended for the heart of man,
When thus ſhe gave the ſocial gen'rous tear. [*Exit.*

Scene the inſide of the cavern.

Enter Arcas *and* Euphraſia.

Arcas. No; on my life I dare not.
Euph. But a ſmall,
A wetched pittance; one poor cordial drop
To renovate exhauſted drooping age.
I aſk no more.
Arcas. Not the ſmalleſt ſtore
Of ſcanty nouriſhment muſt paſs theſe walls.
Our lives were forfeit elſe: a moment's parley
Is all I grant; in yonder cave he lies.
Evander [*within the cell.*] Oh! ſtruggling nature! let
thy conflict end.
Oh! give me, give me reſt.

Euph.

Euph. My father's voice!
It pierces here! it cleaves my very heart!
I ſhall expire, and never ſee him more.
Arcas. Repoſe thee, princeſs here, [*draws a couch.*]
here reſt thy limbs,
Till the returning blood ſhall lend thee firmneſs.
Arcas. The caves, the rocks, re-echo to his groans:
And is there no relief?
Arcas. All I can grant
You ſhall command.—I will unbar the dungeon,
Unlooſe the chain that binds him to the rock,
And leave your interview without reſtraint.
[*Opens a cell in the back ſcene.*
Euph. Hold, hold, my heart! Oh! how ſhall I ſuſtain
The agonizing ſcene? [*riſes*] I muſt behold him;
Nature, that drives me on, will lend me force.
Is that his manſion?
Arcas. Take your laſt farewell.
His vigour ſeems not yet exhauſted quite.
You muſt be brief, or ruin will enſue. [*Exit*
Evan. [*raiſing himſelf.*] Oh! when ſhall I get free?—
Theſe ling'ring pangs——
Euph. Behold, ye pow'rs, that ſpectacle of woe!
Evan. Diſpatch me, pitying gods, and ſave my child!
I burn, I burn! alas! no place of reſt! [*Riſes and comes out.*
A little air; once more a breath of air;
Alas! I faint; I die.
Euph. Heart-piercing ſight!
Let me ſupport you, Sir.
Evan. Oh, lend your arm.——
Whoe'er thou art, I thank thee——That kind breeze
Comes gently o'er my ſenſes——Lead me forward,——
And is there left one charitable hand
To reach its ſuccour to a wretch like me?
Euph. Well may'ſt thou aſk it. Oh! my breaking heart!
The hand of death is on him.
Evan. Still a little,
A little onward to the air conduct me;
'Tis well!—I thank thee; thou art kind and good,
And much I wonder at this gen'rous pity.

Euph. Do you not know me, Sir?
Evan. Methinks I know
That voice——art thou——alas! my eyes are dim!
Each object ſwims before me——No, in truth
I do not know thee.
Euph. Not your own Euphraſia?
Evan. Art thou my daughter?
Euph. Oh! my honour'd Sire!
Evan. My daughter! my Euphraſia! come to cloſe
A father's eyes! ——Giv'n to my laſt embrace!
Gods! do I hold her once again?——Your mercies
Are without number——[*falls on the couch.*]
This exceſs of bliſs
O'erpow'rs—it kills—'Euphraſia—could I hope it?
'I die content'——Art thou indeed my daughter?
Thou art—My hand is moiſten'd with thy tears——
I pray you do not weep—thou art my child——
I thank you, gods!—in my laſt dying moments
You have not left me—I would pour my praiſe——
You read my heart—you ſee what paſſes there.
Euph. Alas! he faints; the guſhing tide of tranſport
Bears down each feeble ſenſe——Reſtore him, Heaven!
Evan. All, my Euphraſia, all will ſoon be well.
Paſs but a moment, and this buſy globe,
Its thrones, its empires, and its buſtling millions,
Will ſeem a ſpeck in the great void of ſpace.
Yet while I ſtay, thou darling of my age—
Nay, dry thoſe tears——
Euph. I will, my father.
Evan. Where,
I fear to aſk it, where is virtuous Phocion?
Euph. Fled from the tyrant's pow'r.
Evan. And left thee here
Expos'd and helpleſs?
Euph. He is all truth and honour:
He fled to ſave my child.
Evan. My young Evander!
Your boy is ſafe, Euphraſia?—Oh! my heart!
Alas! quite gone; worn out with miſery;
Oh! weak, decay'd old man!

Euph. Inhuman wretches!
Will none relieve his want?—A drop of water
Might ſave his life; and even that's deny'd him.
Evan. Theſe ſtrong emotions—Oh! that eager air—
It is too much—Aſſiſt me; bear me hence;
And lay me down in peace.
Euph. His eyes are fix'd!
And thoſe pale quiv'ring lips!—He claſps my hand—
What, no aſſiſtance!—Monſters, will you thus
Let him expire in theſe weak feeble arms?

Enter Philotas.

Phil. Thoſe wild, thoſe piercing ſhrieks will give th' alarm.
Euph. Support him; bear him hence; 'tis all I aſk.
Evan. [*as he is carried off*] O Death! where art thou?
——Death, thou dread of guilt,
Thou wiſh of innocence, affliction's friend,
'Tir'd nature calls thee—Come, in mercy come,
And lay me pillow'd in eternal reſt.
My child—where art thou? Give me—reach thy hand—
Why doſt thou weep?—My eyes are dry—Alas!
Quite parch'd—my lips—quite parch'd—they cling—together.
Euph. Now judge, ye Pow'rs, in the whole round of time,
If e'er you view'd a ſcene of woe like this.' [*Exeunt.*

Enter Arcas.

Arcas. The grey of morn breaks thro' yon eaſtern clouds.
'Twere time this interview ſhould end; the hour
Now warns Euphraſia hence: what man could dare,
I have indulg'd—Philotas!—ha! the cell
Left void! Evander gone!—What may this mean?
Philotas, ſpeak!

Enter Philotas.

Phil. Oh! vile deteſted lot,
Here to obey the ſavage tyrant's will,
And murder virtue, that can thus behold

It's

It's executioner, and ſmile upon him.
That piteous ſight!

Arcas. She muſt withdraw, Philotas;
Delay undoes us both. The reſtleſs main
Glows with the bluſh of day. Timoleon's fleet,
That paſs'd the night in buſy preparation,
Makes from the ſhore. On the high craggy point
Of yonder jutting eminence I mark'd
Their haughty ſtreamers curling to the wind.
He ſeeks Hamilcar's fleet. The briny deep
Shall ſoon be dy'd with blood. The fierce alarm
Will rouze our ſlumb'ring troops. The time requires,
Without our further pauſe or vain excuſe,
That ſhe depart this moment.

Phil. Arcas, yes;
My voice ſhall warn her of th' approaching danger. [*Exit.*

Arcas. Would ſhe had ne'er adventur'd to our guard.
I dread th' event; and hark!—the wind conveys
In clearer ſonnd the uproar of the main.
The fates prepare new havoc; on th' event
Depends the fate of empire. Wherefore thus
Delays Euphraſia?—Ha! what means, Philotas,
That ſudden haſte, that pale diſorder'd look?

Enter Philotas.

Phil. O! I can hold no more; at ſuch a ſight
Ev'n the hard heart of tyranny would melt,
To infant ſoftneſs. Arcas, go, behold
The virt'ous fraud of charity and love;
Behold that unexampled goodneſs; ſee
Th' expedient ſharp neceſſity has taught her;
Thy heart will burn, will melt, will yearn, to view
A child like her.

Arcas. Ha!—Say, what myſtery
Wakes theſe emotions?

Phil. Wonder-working virtue!
The father foſter'd at his daughter's breaſt!——
O! filial piety!—The milk deſign'd
For her own offspring, on the parent's lip
Allays the parching fever.

Arcas. That device
Has ſhe then form'd, eluding all our care,
To miniſter relief?

Phil. On the bare earth
Evander lies; and as his languid pow'rs
Imbibe with eager thirſt the kind refreſhment,
And his looks ſpeak unutterable thanks,
Euphraſia views him with the tend'reſt glance,
Ev'n as a mother doating on her child,
And, ever and anon, amidſt the ſmiles
Of pure delight, of exquiſite ſenſation,
A ſilent tear ſteals down; the tear of virtue,
That ſweetens grief to rapture. All her laws
Inverted quite, great Nature triumphs ſtill.

Arcas. The tale unmans my ſoul.

Phil. Ye tyrants, hear it,
And learn, that while your cruelty prepares
Unheard-of torture, virtue can keep pace
With your worſt efforts, and can try new modes
To bid men grow enamour'd of her charms.

Arcas. Philotas, for Euphraſia, in her cauſe
I now can hazard all. Let us preſerve
Her father for her.

Phil. Oh! her lovely daring
Tranſcends all praiſe. By Heav'n, he ſhall not die.

Arcas. And yet we muſt be wary; I'll go forth,
And firſt explore each avenue around,
Leſt the fix'd centinel obſtruct your purpoſe. [*Exit.*

Phil. I thank thee, Arcas; we will act like men
Who feel another's woes—She leads him forth,
And tremblingly ſupports his drooping age.
[*Goes to aſſiſt him.*

Enter Euphraſia *and* Evander.

Evan. Euphraſia, oh! my child; returning life
Glows here about my heart. Conduct me forward—
At the laſt gaſp preſerv'd! Ha! dawning light!
Let me behold; in faith I ſee thee now;
I do indeed; the father ſees his child.

Euph. I have reliev'd him—Oh! the joy's too great;
'Tis ſpeechleſs rapture!

Evan.

Evan. Bleſſings, bleſſings on thee!
Euph. My father ſtill ſhall live. Alas! Philotas,
Could I abandon that white hoary head,
That venerable form?—Abandon him
To periſh here in miſery and famine?
Phil. Thy tears, thou miracle of goodneſs,
Have triumph'd o'er me! Theſe round guſhing drops
Atteſt your conqueſt. Take him, take your father;
Convey him hence: I do releaſe him to you.
Evan. What ſaid Philotas!—Do I fondly dream?
Indeed my ſenſes are imperfect; yet
Methought I heard him! Did he ſay releaſe me!
Phil. Thou art my king, and now no more my priſ'ner;
Go with your daughter, with that wond'rous pattern
Of filial piety to after-times.
Yes, princeſs, lead him forth; I'll point the path
Whoſe ſoft declivity will guide your ſteps
To the deep vale, which theſe o'erhanging rocks
Encompaſs round. You may convey him thence
To ſome ſafe ſhelter. Yet a moment's pauſe;
I muſt conceal your flight from ev'ry eye.
Yes, I will ſave 'em—Oh! returning virtue!
'How big with joy one moment in thy ſervice!
'That wretched pair!' I'll periſh in their cauſe. [*Exit.*
Evan. Whither, oh! whither ſhall Evander go?
I'm at the goal of life; if in the race
Honour has follow'd with no ling'ring ſtep,
But there ſits ſmiling with her laurel'd wreath,
To crown my brow, there would I fain make halt,
And not inglorious lay me down to reſt.
Euph. And will you then refuſe, when thus the gods
Afford a refuge to thee?
Evan. Oh! my child,
There is no refuge for me.
Euph. Pardon, ſir:
Euphraſia's care has form'd a ſafe retreat;
There may'ſt thou dwell; it will not long be wanted;
Soon ſhall Timoleon, with reſiſtleſs force,
Burſt you devoted walls.

Evan. Timoleon!
Euph. Yes,
The brave Timoleon, with the pow'r of Greece,
Another day ſhall make the city his.
Evan. Timoleon come to vindicate my rights?
Oh! thou ſhalt reign in Sicily!—My child
Shall grace a father's throne. Indulgent Heav'n!
Pour down your bleſſings on this beſt of daughters;
To her and Phocion give Evander's crown:
Let them, oh! let them both in virtue wear it,
And in due time tranſmit it to their boy!

Enter Philotas.

Phil. All things are apt;—the drowſy centinel
Lies huſh'd in ſleep; I'll marſhal thee the way
Down the ſteep rock.
Euph. Oh! let us quickly hence.
Evan. The blood but loiters in theſe frozen veins.
Do you, whoſe youthful ſpirit glows with life,
Do you go forth, and leave this mould'ring corpſe.
To me had Heav'n decreed a longer date,
It ne'er had ſuffer'd a fell monſter's reign,
Nor let me ſee the carnage of my people.
Farewell, Euphraſia; in one lov'd embrace
To theſe remains pay the laſt obſequies,
And leave me here to ſink to ſilent duſt.
Euph. And will you then, on ſelf-deſtruction bent,
Reject my pray'r, nor truſt your fate with me?
Evan. Truſt thee! Euphraſia? Truſt in thee, my child?
Tho' life's a burden I could well lay down,
Yet I will prize it, ſince beſtow'd by thee.
Oh! thou art good; thy virtue ſoars a flight
For the wide world to wonder at; in thee,
Hear it all nature, future ages hear it,
The father finds a parent in his child. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III.

Scene a rampart near the harbour.

Enter Melanthon *and* Philotas.

Melan. AND lives he ſtill?

Phil. He does; and kindly aliment
Renews the ſprings of life.

Melan. And doth he know
The glorious work the deſtinies prepare?

Phil. He is inform'd of all.

Melan. That Greek Timoleon
Comes his deliverer, and the fell uſurper
Pants in the laſt extreme?

Phil. The glorious tidings
Have reach'd his ear.

Melan. Lead on, propitious Pow'r,
Your great deſign; ſecond the Grecian arms,
And whelm the ſons of Carthage in the deep.

Phil. This hour decides their doom; and, lo! Euphrasia
Stands on the jutting rock, that rock, where oft
Whole days ſhe ſat in penſive ſorrow fix'd,
And ſwell'd with ſtreaming tears the reſtleſs deep.
There, now with other ſentiments elate,
She views Timoleon with victorious prow
Glide thro' the waves, and ſees the ſcatter'd navy
Of Carthage fly before him.

Melan. Bleſt event!
Evander, if thou mock'ſt me not, ſhall live
Once more to ſee the juſtice of the gods?
But wilt thou ſtill protect my royal maſter?
Wilt thou admit me to his wiſh'd-for preſence?

Phil. Let it ſuffice that no aſſaſſin's aim
Can now aſſault him. I muſt hence, Melanthon.
I now muſt mingle with the tyrant's train,
And, with a ſemblance of obſequious duty,
Delude ſuſpicion's eye—My friend, farewell. [*Exit.*

Melan. If he deceives me not with ſpecious hopes,
I ſhall behold the ſov'reign, in whoſe ſervice
Theſe temples felt the iron caſque of war,
And theſe white hairs have ſilver'd o'er my head.

'*Enter* Euphraſia.

'*Euph.* See there; behold 'em; lo! the fierce encoun-
'He ruſhes on the ocean flames around [ter;
'With the bright flaſh of arms; the echoing hills
'Rebellow to the roar.
'*Melan.* The gods are with us,
'And victory is ours.
'*Euph.* High on the ſtern
'The Grecian leaders ſtand; they ſtem the ſurge;
'Launch'd from their arm the miſſive lightnings fly,
'And the Barbaric fleet is wrapt in fire.
'And lo! yon bark, down in the roaring gulph;
And there, more, more are periſhing—Behold!
They plunge for ever loſt.
'*Melan.* So periſh all,
'Who from yon continent unfurl'd their ſails,
'To ſhake the freedom of this ſea-girt iſle!
'*Euph.* Did I not ſay, Melanthon, did I not
'Preſage the glories of Timoleon's triumph!
'Where now are Afric's ſons? The vanquiſh'd tyrant
'Shall look aghaſt; his heart ſhall ſhrink apall'd,
'And dread his malefactions! Worſe than famine,
'Deſpair ſhall faſten on him!—' [*Exit* Melan.

Enter Dionyſius, Philotas, *&c.*

Dion. Baſe deſerters!
Curſe on their Punic faith! Did they once dare
To grapple with the Greek? Ere yet the main
Was ting'd with blood, they turn'd their ſhips averſe.
May ſtorms and tempeſts follow in their rear,
And daſh their fleet upon the Libyan ſhore!

Enter

Enter Calippus.

Calip. My lege, Timoleon where the harbour opens
Has ſtorm'd the forts, and ev'n now his fleet
Purſues its courſe, and ſteers athwart the bay.
Dion. Ruin impends; and yet, if fall it muſt,
I bear a mind to meet it, undiſmay'd,
Unconquer'd ev'n by Fate.
Calip. Through ev'ry ſtreet
Deſpair and terror fly. A panic ſpreads
From man to man; and ſuperſtition ſees
Jove arm'd with thunder, and the gods againſt us.
Dion With ſacred rites their wrath muſt be appeas'd.
Let inſtant victims at the altar bleed;
Let incenſe roll its fragant clouds to Heav'n,
And pious matrons, and the virgin train,
In ſlow proceſſion to the temple bear
The image of their gods.
'*Euph.* Ha!—Does the tyrant
'Dare with unhallow'd ſtep, with crimes and guilt,
'Approach the ſacred fane!—Alas! my father,
'Where now thy ſanctuary?—What place ſhall hide
'Thy perſecuted virtue? [*Aſide.*]
'*Dion.* Thou, Euphraſia,
'Lead forth the pious band.——This very moment
'Iſſue our orders.
'*Euph.* With conſenting heart
'Euphraſia goes to waft her pray'rs to Heav'n.' [*Exit.*
Dion. The ſolemn ſacrifice, the vigin throng,
Will gain the popular belief, and kindle
In the fierce ſoldiery religious rage.
Away, my friends, prepare the ſolemn pomp.
[*Exit* Calippus, &c.
Philotas, thou draw near; how fares your priſoner?
Has he yet breath'd his laſt?
Phil. Life ebbs apace;
To-morrow's ſun ſees him a breathleſs corſe.
Dion. Curſe on his ling'ring pangs! Sicilia's crown
No more ſhall deck his brow; and if the ſand

Still loiter in the glaſs, thy hand, my friend,
May ſhake it thence.
Phil. It ſhall, dread Sir; that taſk
Leave to thy faithful ſervant.
Dion. Oh! Philotas,
Thou little know'ſt the cares, the pangs of empire.
The ermin'd pride, the purple that adorns
A conqueror's breaſt, but ſerves, my friend, to hide
A heart that's torn, that's mangled with remorſe.
Each object round me wakens horrid doubts;
The flatt'ring train, the centinel that guards me,
The ſlave that waits, all give ſome new alarm,
And from the means of ſafety dangers riſe.
Ev'n victory itſelf plants anguiſh here,
And round my laurels the fell ſerpent twines.
Phil. Would Dionyſius abdicate his crown,
And ſue for terms of peace?
Dion. Deteſted thought!
No though ambition teems with countleſs ills,
It ſtill has charms of pow'r to fire the ſoul.
Though horrors multiply around my head,
I will oppoſe them all. The pomp of ſacrifice
But now ordain'd, is mockery to Heav'n.
'Tis vain, 'tis fruitleſs; then let daring guilt
Be my inſpirer, and conſummate all.
Where are thoſe Greeks, the captives of my ſword,
Whoſe deſp'rate valour ruſh'd within our walls,
Fought near our perſon, and the pointed lance
Aim'd at my breaſt?
Phil. In chains they wait their doom.
Dion. Give me to ſee 'em; bring the ſlaves before me.
Phil. What, ho! Melanthon, this way lead your priſoners.

Enter Melanthon, *with Greek officers and ſoldiers.*

Dion. Aſſaſſins, and not warriors! do you come,
When the wide range of battle claims your ſword,
Thus do you come againſt a ſingle life
To wage the war? Did not our buckler ring
With all your darts in one collected volley

Show'r'd

Shower'd on my head? Did not your ſwords at once
Point at my breaſt, and thirſt for regal blood?
Greek Of. We ſought thy life. I am by birth a Greek;
An open foe, in arms, I meant to ſlay
The foe of human kind.—With rival ardour
We took the field; one voice, one mind, one heart;
All leagu'd, all covenanted: in yon camp
Spirits there are who aim, like us, at glory.
Whene'er you ſally forth, whene'er the Greeks
Shall ſcale your walls, prepare thee to encounter
A like aſſault. By me the youth of Greece
Thus notify the war they mean to wage.
Dion. Thus then I warn them of my great revenge;
Whoe'er in battle ſhall become our priſ'ner,
In torment meets his doom.
Greek Of. Then wilt thou ſee,
How vile the body, to a mind that pants
For genuine glory. Twice three hundred Greeks
Have ſworn, like us, to hunt thee through the ranks;
Ours the firſt lot; we've fail'd: on yonder plain
Appear in arms the faithful band will meet thee.
Dion. Vile ſlave, no more. Melanthon, drag 'em hence,
To die in miſery; Impal'd alive,
The winds ſhall parch them on the craggy cliff.
Selected from the reſt let one depart
A meſſenger to Greece, to tell the fate
Her choſen ſons, her firſt adventurers, met. [*Exit.*
Melan. Unhappy men; how ſhall my care protect
Your forfeit lives;—Philotas, thou conduct them
To the deep dungeon's gloom. In that receſs,
'Midſt the tumult of eventful war,
We may ward off the blow. My friends, farewel:
That officer will guide your ſteps.
Pho. Diſguis'd
Thus in a ſoldier's garb he knows me not.
Melanthon!———
Melan. Ha!—Thoſe accents!—Phocion here?
Pho. Yes, Phocion here! Speak, quickly tell me, ſay
How fares Euphraſia?
Melan. Ha! beware;———Philotas,

Conduct theſe priſ'ners hence; this ſoldier here
Shall bear the tidings to Timoleon's camp.
[*All follow* Philotas, *except* Phocion.
Pho. Oh! ſatisfy my doubts: how fares Euphraſia:
Melan. Euphraſia lives, and fills the anxious moments
With ev'ry virtue.—Wherefore venture hither?
Why with raſh valour penetrate our gates?
Pho. Could I refrain? Oh! could I tamely wait
Th' event of ling'ring war? With patience count
The lazy-pacing hours, while here in Syracuſe
The tyrant keeps all that my heart holds dear?
For her dear ſake, all danger ſinks before me;
For her I burſt the barriers of the gate,
Where the deep cavern'd rock affords a paſſage.
A hundred choſen Greeks purſu'd my ſteps;
We forc'd an entrance; the devoted guard
Fell victims to our rage; but in that moment
Down from the walls ſuperior numbers came.
The tyrant led them on We ruſh'd upon him,
If we could reach his heart, to end the war.
But Heav'n thought otherwiſe. Melanthon, ſay,
I fear to aſk it, lives Evander ſtill?
Melan. Alas, he lives impriſon'd in the rock.
Thou muſt withdraw thee hence. Regain once more
Timoleon's camp: alarm his ſlumb'ring rage:
Aſſail the walls; thou with thy phalanx ſeek
The ſubterraneous path; that way at night
The Greeks may enter, and let in deſtruction
To the great work of vengeance.
Pho. Would'ſt thou have me
Baſely retreat, while my Euphraſia trembles
Here on the ridge of peril? She perhaps
May fall unknown, unpitied, undiſtinguiſh'd
Amidſt the gen'ral carnage! Shall I leave her
To add that beauty to the purple heap?
No; I will ſeek her in theſe walls accurſt,
Ev'n in the tyrant's palace; ſave that life,
My only ſource of joy, that life, whoſe loſs
Would make all Greece complotter in a murder,
And damn a righteous cauſe.

Melan.

Melan. Yet hear the voice
Of ſober age. Should Dionyſius' ſpies
Detect thee here, ruin involves us all;
'Twere beſt retire, and ſeek Timoleon's tents;
Tell him, diſmay and terror fill the city;
Ev'n now in Syracuſe the tyrant's will
Ordains with pomp oblation to the gods.
His deadly hand ſtill hot with recent blood,
The monſter dares approach the ſacred altar.
Thy voice may rouze Timoleon to th' aſſault,
And bid him ſtorm the works.

Pho. By Heav'n I will.
My breath ſhall wake his rage. This very night,
When ſleep ſits heavy on the ſlumb'ring city,
Then Greece unſheaths her ſword, and great revenge
Shall ſtalk with death and horror o'er the ranks
Of ſlaughter'd troops, a ſacrifice to freedom!
But firſt let me behold Euphraſia.

Melan. Huſh,
Thy pent-up valour: to a ſecret haunt
I'll guide thy ſteps; there dwell, and in apt time
I'll bring Euphraſia to thy longing arms.

Pho. Wilt thou?

Melan. By Heav'n I will: another act
Of deſperate fury might endanger all.
The tyrant's buſy guards are poſted round;
In ſilence follow; thou ſhalt ſee Euphraſia.

Pho. Oh! lead me to her; that exalted virtue
With firmer nerve ſhall bid me graſp the javelin;
Shall bid my ſword, with more than lightning's ſwiftneſs,
Blaze in the front of war, and glut its rage
With blows repeated in the tyrant's veins. [*Exeunt.*

Scene a temple, with a monument in the middle.

Enter Euphraſia, Erixene, *and other female attendants.*

Euph. This way, my virgins, this way bend your ſteps.
Lo! the ſad ſepulchre where, hears'd in death,
The pale remains of my dear mother lie.
There, while the victims at yon altar bleed,

And

And with your pray'rs the vaulted roof reſounds,
There let me pay the tribute of a tear,
A weeping pilgrim o'er Eudocia's aſhes.
Erix. Forbear, Euphraſia, to renew your ſorrows.
Euph. My tears have dry'd their ſource; then let me here
Pay this ſad viſit to the honour'd clay
That moulders in the tomb. Theſe ſacred viands
I'll burn, an off'ring to a parent's ſhade,
And ſprinkle with this wine the hallow'd mould.
That duty paid, I will return, my virgins.
[*She goes into the tomb.*
Erix. Look down, propitious Pow'rs! behold that virtue,
And heal the pangs that deſolate her ſoul.

Enter Philotas.

Phil. Mourn, mourn, ye virgins; rend your ſcatter'd garments;
Some dread calamity hangs o'er our heads.
In vain the tyrant would appeaſe with ſacrifice
Th' impending wrath of ill-requited Heav'n.
Ill omens hover o'er us. At the altar
The victim dropt, ere the divining ſeer
Had gor'd his knife. The brazen ſtatues trembled,
And from the marble drops of blood diſtill'd.
Erix. Now, ye juſt Gods, if vengeance you prepare,
Now find the guilty head.
Phil. Amidſt the throng
A matron labours with th' inſpiring God;
She ſtares, ſhe raves, and with no mortal ſound
Proclaims aloud, "Where, Phœbus, am I borne?
"I ſee their glitt'ring ſpears: I ſee them charge;
"Bellona wades in blood; that mangled body,
"Deform'd with wounds, and welt'ring in its gore,
"I know it well; Oh! cloſe the dreadful ſcene;
"Relieve me, Phœbus, I have ſeen too much."
Erix. Alas! I tremble for Evander's fate:
Avert the omen, gods, and guard his life.

Enter Euphraſia *from the tomb.*

Euph. Virgins, I thank you—Oh! more lightly now
My

My heart expands; the pious act is done,
And I have paid my tribute to a parent. [*Exeunt Erix. &c.*
Ah! wherefore does the tyrant bend this way?

Phil. He flies the altar; leaves th' unfiniſh'd rites.
No God there ſmiles propitious on his cauſe.
Fate lifts the awful balance; weighs his life,
The lives of numbers, in the trembling ſcale.

Euph. Deſpair and horror mark his haggard looks,
His wild, diſorder'd ſtep—He ruſhes forth!
Some new alarm demands him!—Ev'n now
He iſſues at yon portal!—Lo! ſee there,
The ſuppliant crowd diſperſes! Wild with fear,
Diſtraction in each look, the wretched throng
Pours thro' the brazen gates!—'Do you retire;'
Retire, Philotas: let me here remain,
And give the moments of ſuſpended fate
To pious worſhip and to filial love.

Phil. Alas! I fear to yield: awhile I'll leave thee,
And at the temple's entrance wait thy coming. [*Exit.*

Euph. Now then, Euphraſia, now thou may'ſt indulge
The pureſt ecſtacy of ſoul. Come forth,
Thou man of woe, thou man of ev'ry virtue.

Enter Evander *from the monument.*

Evan. And does the grave thus caſt me up again
With a fond father's love to view thee? Thus
To mingle rapture in a daughter's arms?

Euph. How fares my father now?

Evan. Thy aid, Euphraſia,
Has giv'n new life. Thou from this vital ſtream
Deriv'ſt thy being; with unheard-of duty
Thou haſt repaid it to thy native ſource.

Evan. Sprung from Evander, if a little portion
Of all his goodneſs dwell within my heart,
Thou wilt not wonder.

Euph. Joy and wonder riſe
In mix'd emotions!—Though departing hence
After the ſtorms of a tempeſtuous life;
Tho' I was entering the wiſh'd for port,
Where all is peace, all bliſs, and endleſs joy,
Yet here contented I can linger ſtill

To view thy goodneſs, and applaud thy deeds,
Thou author of my life!—Did ever parent
Thus call his child before?—My heart's too full,
My old fond heart runs o'er: it aches with joy.

Euph. Alas, too much you over-rate your daughter,
Nature and duty call'd me—Oh! my father,
How didſt thou bear thy long, long ſuff'rings? How
Endure their barb'rous rage?

Evan. My foes but did
To this old frame, what Nature's hand muſt do.
In the worſt hour of pain, a voice ſtill whiſper'd me,
"Rouze thee, Evander; ſelf-acquitting conſcience
"Declares thee blameleſs, and the gods behold thee."
I was but going hence by mere decay
To that futurity which Plato taught,
'Where the immortal ſpirit views the planets
'Roll round the mighty year, and, wrapt in bliſs,
'Adores th' ideas of th' eternal mind.
'Thither, oh! thither was Evander going.'
But thou recall'ſt me; thou!—

Euph. Timoleon too
Invites thee back to life.

Evan. And does he ſtill
Urge on the ſiege?

Euph His active genius comes
To ſcourge a guilty race. The Punic fleet
Half loſt is ſwallow'd by the roaring ſea.
The ſhatter'd refuſe ſeek the Libyan ſhore,
To bear the news of their defeat to Carthage.

Evan. Theſe are thy wonders, Heav'n;—Abroad thy ſpirit
Moves o'er the deep, and mighty fleets are vaniſh'd.

Euph. Ha!—hark!—what noiſe is that? It comes this way!
Some buſy footſtep beats the hallow'd pavement!
Oh! Sir, retire!—Ye Pow'rs!—Philotas!—ha!

Enter Philotas.

Phil. For thee, Euphraſia, Dionyſius calls.
Some new ſuſpicion goads him. At yon gate
I left Calippus, as with eager haſte

He

He bent his way to ſeek thee.—Oh! my ſovereign,
My king, my injur'd maſter, will you pardon
The wrongs I've done thee? [*Kneels to Evander.*
Evan. Virtue ſuch as thine,
From the fierce trial of tyrannic pow'r,
Shines forth with added luſtre.
Phil. Oh! forgive
My ardent zeal—there is no time to waſte.
You muſt withdraw—Truſt to your faithful friends.
Paſs but another day, and Dionyſius
Falls from a throne uſurp'd.
Evan. But ere he pays
The forfeit of his crimes, what ſtreams of blood
Shall flow in torrents round! Methinks I might
Prevent this waſte of nature—I'll go forth,
And to my people ſhew their rightful king.
Euph. Baniſh that thought. Forbear; the raſh attempt
Were fatal to our hopes. Oppreſs'd, diſmay'd,
The people look aghaſt, and, wan with fear,
None will eſpouſe your cauſe.
Evan. Yes, all will dare
To act like men;—their king; I gave myſelf
To a whole people. I made no reſerve;
My life was theirs; each drop about my heart
P edg'd to the public cauſe; devoted to it;
That was my compact; is the ſubjects' leſs?
If they are all debas'd, and willing ſlaves,
The young but breathing to grow grey in bondage,
And the old ſinking to ignoble graves,
Of ſuch a race no matter who is king.
And yet I will not think it; no! my people
Are brave and gen'rous; I will truſt their valour. [*going.*
Euph. Yet ſtay; yet be adviſ'd.
Phil. As yet, my liege,
No plan is fix'd, and no concerted meaſure.
The fates are buſy: wait the vaſt event.
Truſt to my truth and honour. Witneſs, gods,
Here in the temple of Olympian Jove
Philotas ſwears ——
Evan. Forbear: the man like thee,
Who feels the beſt emotions of the heart,

Truth, reaſon, juſtice, honour's fine excitements,
Acts by thoſe laws, and wants no other ſanction.
Euph. Again, th' alarm approaches! Sure deſtruction
To thee, to all will follow!—Hark! a ſound
Comes hollow murmuring thro' the vaulted iſle!
It gains upon the ear!——— Withdraw, my father!
All's loſt if thou art ſeen.
Phil. And lo! Calippus
Darts with the lightning's ſpeed acroſs the iſle!
Evan. Thou at the ſenate houſe convene my friends;
Melanthon, Dion, and their brave aſſociates,
Will ſhew that liberty has leaders ſtill.
Anon I'll meet them there. My child, farewell;
Thou ſhalt direct me now.
'*Euph.* Too cruel fate!
'The tomb is all the manſion I can give;
'My mother's tomb!'
Phil. You muſt be brief; th' alarm
Each moment nearer comes! In every ſound
Deſtruction threatens. Ha! by Heav'n this way
Calippus comes!—Let me retard his ſpeed. [*Exit.*
Euph. [*coming forward.*] How my diſtracted heart throbs wild with fear!
What brings Calippus? Wherefore? Save me Heaven!

Enter Calippus.

Calip. This lonely muſing in theſe drear abodes
Alarms ſuſpicion; the king knows thy plottings,
Thy rooted hatred to the ſtate and him.
His ſov'reign will commands thee to repair
This moment to his preſence.
Euph. Ha! What means
The tyrant?—I obey [*Exit Calippus.*] and oh! ye pow'rs,
Ye miniſters of Heaven, defend my father;
Support his drooping age; and when anon,
Avenging juſtice ſhakes her crimſon ſteel,
Oh! be the grave at leaſt a place of reſt,
That from his covert in the hour of peace
Forth he may come to bleſs a willing people,
And be your own juſt image here on earth. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT IV.

Enter Melanthon *and* Philotas.

Melan. AWAY; no more; pernicious, vile diſſembler!
Phil. Wherefore this frantic rage?
Melan. Thou canſt not varniſh,
With thy perfidious arts, a crime like this.
I climb'd the rugged cliff; but oh! thou traitor,
Where is Evander? thro' each dungeon's gloom
I ſought the good old king—the guilt is thine;
May vengeance wait thee for it!
Phil. Still, Melanthon,
Let prudence guide thee.
Melan. Thou haſt plung'd thee down
Far as the loweſt depth of hell-born crimes;
Thou haſt out-gone all regiſters of guilt;
Beyond all fable haſt thou ſinn'd, Philotas.
Phil. By Heav'n! thou wrong'ſt me.
Didſt thou know, old man———
Melan. Could not his rev'rend age, could not his virtue,
His woes unnumber'd, ſoften thee to pity?
Thou haſt deſtroy'd my king?
Phil. Yet wilt thou hear me?
Your king ſtill lives.
Melan. Thou vile deceiver!—Lives!
But where?—Away; no more! I charge thee, leave me.
Phil. We have remov'd him to a place of ſafety.
Melan. Remov'd!—Thou traitor! what dark privacy—
Why move him thence? The dark aſſaſſin's ſtab
Has clos'd his days—calm, unrelenting villain!
I know it all.
Phil. By ev'ry pow'r above,
Evander lives; in ſafety lives. Laſt night,
When in his dark embrace ſleep wrapt the world,
Euphraſia came, a ſpectacle of woe;
Dar'd to approach our guard, and with her tears,
With vehemence of grief ſhe touch'd my heart,
I gave her father to her.

Melan.

Melan. How, Philotas!
If thou doſt not deceive me———
Phil. No, by Heaven!
By ev'ry pow'r above—But hark! thoſe notes
Speak Dionyſius near—Anon, my friend,
I'll tell thee each particular—Thy king
Mean while is ſafe—But lo! the tyrant comes;
With guilt like his I muſt equivocate,
And teach ev'n truth and honour to diſſemble.

Enter Dionyſius, Calippus, *&c.*

Dion. Away, each vain alarm; the ſun goes down,
Nor yet Timoleon iſſues from his fleet.
There let him linger on the wave-worn beach;
Here the vain Greek ſhall find another Troy,
A more than Hector here. Tho' Carthage fly,
Ourſelf—ſtill Dionyſius here remains.
And means the Greek to treat of terms of peace?
By Heav'n, this panting boſom hop'd to meet
His boaſted phalanx on th' embattled plain.
And doth he now, on peaceful councils bent,
Diſpatch his herald?—Let the ſlave appproach.

Enter the Herald.

Now ſpeak thy purpoſe; what doth Greece impart?
Herald. Timoleon, Sir, whoſe great renown in arms
Is equall'd only by the ſofter virtues
Of mild humanity that ſway his heart,
Sends me his delegate to offer terms,
On which ev'n foes may well accord; on which
The fierceſt nature, tho' it ſpurn at juſtice,
May ſympathize with his.
Dion. Unfold thy myſtery:
Thou ſhalt be heard.
Herald. The gen'rous leader ſees,
With pity ſees, the wild deſtructive havock
Of ruthleſs war; he hath ſurvey'd around
The heaps of ſlain that cover yonder field,
And, touch'd with gen'rous ſenſe of human woe,
Weeps o'er his victories.

Dion.

Dion. Your leader weeps!
Then let the author of thoſe ills thou ſpeak'ſt of,
Let the ambitious factor of deſtruction,
Timely retreat, and cloſe the ſcene of blood.
Why doth affrighted peace behold his ſtandard
Uprear'd in Sicily? and wherefore here
The iron ranks of war: from which the ſhepherd
Retires appall'd, and leaves the blaſted hopes
Of half the year, while cloſer to her breaſt
The mother claſps her infant?
Herald. 'Tis not mine
To plead Timoleon's cauſe; not mine the office
To juſtify the ſtrong, the righteous motives
That urge him to the war: the only ſcope
My deputation aims at, is to fix
An interval of peace, a pauſe of horror,
That they whoſe bodies on the naked ſhore
Lie weltering in their blood, from either hoſt
May meet the laſt ſad rites to nature due,
And decent lie in honourable graves.
Dion. Go tell your leader his pretexts are vain.
Let him, with thoſe that live, embark for Greece,
And leave our peaceful plains; the mangled limbs
Of thoſe he murder'd, from my tender care
Shall meet due obſequies.
Herald. The hero, Sir,
Wages no war with thoſe who bravely die.
'Tis for the dead I ſupplicate; for them
We ſue for peace; and to the living too
Timoleon would extend it; but the groans
Of a whole people have unſheath'd his ſword.
A ſingle day will pay the fun'ral rites.
To-morrow's ſun my ſee both armies meet
Without hoſtility, and all in honour;
You to inter the troops who bravely fell;
We, on our part, to give an humble ſod
To thoſe who gain'd a footing on the iſle,
And by their death have conquer'd.
Dion. Be it ſo;
I grant thy ſuit: ſoon as to-morrow's dawn

Illume the world, the rage of waſting war
In vain ſhall thirſt for blood: 'but mark my words;
'If the next orient ſun behold you here,
'That hour ſhall ſee me terrible in arms,
'Deluge yon plain, and let deſtruction looſe.'
Thou know'ſt my laſt reſolve; and now farewel.
Some careful officer conduct him forth. [*Exit* Herald.
By Heav'n the Greek hath offer'd to my ſword
An eaſy prey; a ſacrifice to glut
My great revenge. Calippus, let each ſoldier
This night reſign his wearied limbs to reſt,
That ere the dawn, with renovated ſtrength,
On the ungaurded, unſuſpecting foe,
Diſarm'd, and bent on ſuperſtitious rites,
From every quarter we may ruſh undaunted,
Give the invaders to the deathful ſteel,
And by one carnage bury all in ruin.
My valiant friends, haſte to your ſeveral poſts,
And let this night your calm unruffled ſpirit
Lie huſh'd in ſleep—Away, my friends, diſperſe.
Philotas, waits Euphraſia as we order'd?

Phil. She's here at hand.

Dion. Admit her to our preſence. [*Exit* Phil.
Rage and deſpair, a thouſand warring paſſions,
All riſe by turns, and piece-meal rend my heart.
Yet ev'ry means, all meaſures muſt be tried,
To ſweep the Grecian ſpoiler from the land,
And fix the crown unſhaken on my brow.

Enter Euphraſia.

Euph. What ſudden cauſe requires Euphraſia's preſence?

Dion. Approach, fair mourner, and diſpel thy fears.
Thy grief, thy tender duty to thy father,
Has touch'd me nearly. In his lone retreat
Reſpect, attendance, ev'ry lenient care
To ſooth affliction, and extend his life,
Evander has commanded.

Euph. Vile diſſembler!
Deteſted homicide! [*aſide*]—And has thy heart
Felt for the wretched?

Dion.

Dion. Urgencies of ſtate
Abridg'd his liberty; but to his perſon
All honour hath been paid
Euph. The righteous gods
Have mark'd thy ways, and will in time repay
Juſt retribution.
Dion. If to ſee your father,
If here to meet him in a fond embrace,
Will calm thy breaſt, and dry thoſe beauteous tears,
A moment more ſhall bring him to your preſence.
Euph. Ha! lead him hither!—Sir, to move him now,
Aged, infirm, worn out with toil and years—
No, let me ſeek him rather—If ſoft pity
Has touch'd your heart, oh! ſend me, ſend me to him.
Dion. Controul this wild alarm; with prudent care
Philotas ſhall conduct him; here I grant
The tender interview.
Euph. Diſaſtrous fate!
Ruin impends!—This will diſcover all!
I'll periſh firſt; provoke his utmoſt rage. [*Aſide.*
Tho' much I languiſh to behold my father,
Yet now it were not fit—approaching night.—
At the firſt dawn of day——
Dion. This night, this very hour,
You both muſt meet; the time forbids delay.
Together you may ſerve the ſtate and me.
Thou ſeeſt the havock of wide-wafting war;
And more, full well you know, are ſtill to bleed.
Thou may'ſt prevent their fate.
Euph. Oh! give the means,
And I will bleſs thee for it.
Dion. From a Greek,
Torments have wrung the truth. Thy huſband, Phocion—
Euph. Oh! ſay, ſpeak of my Phocion!
Dion. He; 'tis he
Hath kindled up this war: with treacherous arts
Inflam'd the ſtates of Greece, and now the traitor
Comes with a foreign aid to wreſt my crown.
Euph. And does my Phocion ſhare Timoleon's glory?

Dion.

Dion. With him inveſts our walls, and bids rebellion
Erect her ſtandard here.
Euph. Oh! bleſs him, Gods!
Where'er my hero treads the paths of war,
Liſt on his ſide; againſt the hoſtile javelin
Uprear his mighty buckler; to his ſword
Lend the fierce whirlwind's rage, that he may come
With wreaths of triumph, and with conqueſt crown'd.
And his Euphraſia ſpring with rapture to him,
Melt in his arms, and a whole nation's voice
Applaud my hero with a love like mine!
Dion. Ungrateful fair! Has not our ſovereign will
On thy deſcendants fix'd Sicilia's crown?
Have I not vow'd protection to your boy?
Euph. From thee the crown! From thee! Euphraſia's children
Shall on a nobler baſis found their rights;
On their own virtue, and a people's choice.
Dion. Miſguided woman!
Euph. Aſk of thee protection!
The father's valour ſhall protect his boy.
Dion. Ruſh not on ſure deſtruction! Ere too late
Accept our proffer'd grace. The terms are theſe;
Inſtant ſend forth a meſſage to your huſband;
Bid him draw off his Greeks; unmoor his fleet,
And meaſure back his way. Full well he knows
You and your father are my hoſtages;
And for his treaſon both may anſwer.
Euph. Think'ſt thou then
So meanly of my Phocion?—Doſt thou deem him
Poorly wound up to a mere fit of valour,
To melt away in a weak woman's tear?
Oh! thou doſt little know him; know'ſt but little
Of his exalted ſoul. With gen'rous ardour
Still will he urge the great, the gloarious plan,
And gain the ever-honour'd bright reward,
Which fame intwines around the patriot's brow,
And bids for ever flouriſh on his tomb
For nations freed and tyrants laid in duſt.
Dion. By Heav'n, this night Evander breathes his laſt.

Euph.

Euph. Better for him to ſink at once to reſt,
Than linger thus, beneath the gripe of famine,
In a vile dungeon ſcoop'd with barb'rous ſkill
Deep in the flinty rock: a monument
Of that fell malice and that black ſuſpicion
That mark'd your father's reign: a dungeon dreat
Prepar'd for innocence! Vice liv'd ſecure;
It flouriſh'd, triumph'd, grateful to his heart;
'Twas virtue only could give umbrage; then,
In that black period, to be great and good
Was a ſtate crime; the pow'rs of genius then
Were a conſtructive treaſon!

Dion. Ha! beware,
Nor, with vile calumny, provoke my rage!

Euph. Whate'er was laudable, whate'er was worthy,
Sunk under foul oppreſſion. Freeborn men
Were torn in private from their houſehold gods,
Shut from the light of Heaven in cavern'd cells,
Chain'd to the grunſel edge, and left to pine
In bitterneſs of ſoul; while in the vaulted roof
The tyrant ſat, and through a ſecret channel
Collected ev'ry ſound; heard each complaint
Of martyr'd virtue; kept a regiſter
Of ſighs and groans by cruelty extorted;
Noted the honeſt language of the heart;
Then on the victims wreak'd his murd'rous rage,
For yielding to the feelings of their nature!

Dion. Obdurate woman! obſtinate in ill!
Here ends all parley! Now your father's doom
Is fix'd; irrevocably fix'd: this night
Thou ſhalt behold him; while inventive cruelty
Purſues his wearied life through every nerve!
I ſcorn all dull delay! This very night
Shall ſate my great revenge! [*Exit.*

Euph. This night, perhaps,
Shall whelm thee down, no more to blaſt creation;
My father, who inhabit'ſt with the dead,
Now let me ſeek thee in the lonely tomb,
And tremble there with anxious hope and fear. [*Exit.*

Scene the inſide of the Temple.

Enter Phocion *and* Melanthon.

Pho. Each ſtep I move, a grateful terror ſhakes
My frame to diſſolution!
Melan. Summon all
Thy wonted firmneſs. In that dreary vault
A living king is number'd with the dead!
I'll take my poſt, near where the pillar'd iſle
Supports the central dome, that no alarm
Surprize you in the pious act. [*Exit.*
Pho. If here
They both are found; if in Evander's arms
Euphraſia meets my ſearch, the fates atone
For all my ſufferings, all afflictions paſt.
Yes, I will ſeek them—ha!—the gaping tomb
Invites my ſteps—now be propitious, Heaven!
[*He enters the tomb.*

Enter Euphraſia.

Euph. All hail, ye caves of horror!—In this gloom
Divine content can dwell; the heart-felt tear,
Which, as it falls, a father's trembling hand
Will catch, and wipe the ſorrows from my eye.
Thou Pow'r ſupreme! whoſe all-pervading mind
Guides this great frame of things; who now behold'ſt me,
Who in that cave of death art full as perfect
As in the gorgeous palace, now, while night
Broods o'er the world, I'll to thy ſacred ſhrine,
And ſupplicate thy mercies to my father.
Who's there?—Evander?—Anſwer—Quickly ſay—

Enter Phocion *from the Tomb.*

Pho. What voice is that?—Melanthon!
Euph. Ha! thoſe ſounds!—
Speak of Evander; tell me that he lives,
Or loſt Euphraſia dies!
Pho. Heart-ſwelling tranſport!
Art thou Euphraſia?—'Tis thy Phocion, love;
Thy huſband comes.—
Euph. Support me! Reach thy hand——

Pho.

Pho. Once more I claſp her in this fond embrace!
Euph. What miracle has brought thee to me?
Pho. Love
Urg'd me on, and guided all my ways!
Euph. Oh! thou dear wanderer! But wherefore here?
Why in this place of woe?—My tender little one,
Say, is he ſafe?—Oh! ſatisfy a mother;
Speak of my child, or I go wild at once;
Tell me his fate, and tell me all thy own!
Pho. Your boy is ſafe, Euphraſia; lives to reign
In Sicily? Timoleon's guardian care
Protects him in his camp. Diſpel thy fears:
The Gods once more will give him to thy arms.
Euph. My father lives ſepulchred ere his time,
Here in Eudocia's tomb. Let me conduct thee—
Pho. I came this moment thence——
Euph. And ſaw Evander?
Pho. Alas! I found him not!
Euph. Not found him there!
Have the fell murderers—Oh! [*faints away.*
Pho. I've been too raſh! Revive, my love, revive!
Thy Phocion calls; the Gods will guard Evander,
And ſave him to reward thy matchleſs virtue!

Enter Evander *and* Melanthon.

Evan. Lead me, Melanthon, guide my aged ſteps:
Where is he? Let me ſee him!
Pho. My Euphraſia!
Thy father lives;—Thou venerable man!
Behold!——I cannot fly to thy embrace!
Euph. Theſe agonies muſt end me—Ah! my father!
Again I have him; gracious Pow'rs—Again!
I claſp his hand, and bathe it with my tears!
Evan. Euphraſia! Phocion too! Yes, both are here
—Oh! let me thus, thus ſtrain you to my heart!
Pho. Protected by a daughter's tender care,
By my Euphraſia ſav'd! That ſweet reflection
Exalts the bliſs to rapture!
Euph. Why, my father,
Why thus adventure forth?——The ſtrong alarm
O'erwhelm'd my ſpirits!

Evan. I went forth, my child,
When all was dark, and awful ſilence round,
To throw me proſtrate at the altar's foot,
To crave the care of Heaven for thee and thine.
Melanthon there——

Enter Philotas.

Euph. Philotas!——ha!——what means——

Phil. Inevitable ruin hovers o'er you:
The tyrant's fury mounts into a blaze.
Unſated yet with blood, he calls aloud
For thee, Evander; thee his rage hath order'd
This moment to his preſence.

Evan. Lead me to him:
His preſence hath no terror for Evander.

Euph. Horror!——It muſt not be!

Phil. No; never, never:
I'll periſh rather!——But the time demands
Our utmoſt vigour; with the lightning's ſpeed
Deciſive, rapid. With the ſcorpion ſtings
Of conſcience laſh'd, deſpair and horror ſeize him,
And guilt but ſerves to goad his tortur'd mind
To blacker crimes. His policy has granted
A day's ſuſpenſe from arms; yet even now
His troops prepare, in the dead midnight hour,
With baſe ſurpriſe, to ſtorm Timoleon's camp.

Evan. And doth he grant a falſe inſidious truce,
To turn the hour of peace to blood and horror?

Euph. I know the monſter well. When ſpecious ſeeming
Becalms his looks, the rankling heart within
Teems with deſtruction! 'Like our own mount Ætna,
'When the deep ſnows inveſt his hoary head,
'And a whole winter gathers on his brow,
'Looking tranquillity; ev'n then beneath
'The fuel'd entrails ſummon all their rage,
'Till the affrighted ſhepherd round him ſees
'The ſudden ruin, the volcano's burſt,
'Mountains hurl'd up in air, and molten rocks,
'And all the land with deſolation cover'd.'

Melan. Now Phocion, now on thee our hope depends.
Fly to Timoleon—I can grant a paſſport—

Rouze

Rouze him to vengeance: on the tyrant turn
His own inſidious arts, or all is loſt!
Pho. Evander thou, and thou, my beſt Euphraſia,
Both ſhall attend my flight!
Melan. They muſt remain;
Th' attempt would hazard all.
Euph. Together here
We will remain, ſafe in the cave of death;
And wait our freedom from thy conqu'ring arm!
Evan. Oh! would the Gods roll back the ſtream of time,
And give this arm the ſinew that it boaſted
At Tauromenium, when its force reſiſtleſs
Mow'd down the ranks of war; I then might guide
The battle's rage, and, ere Evander die,
Add ſtill another laurel to my brow!
Euph. Enough of laurell'd vict'ry your ſword
Hath reap'd in earlier days.
Evan. And ſhall my ſword,
When the great cauſe of liberty invites,
Remain inactive, unperforming quite?
Youth, ſecond youth, rekindles in my veins!
Tho' worn with age, this arm will know its office;
Will ſhew that vict'ry has not forgot
Acquaintance with this hand.—And yet—O ſhame!
It will not be: the momantary blaze
Sinks, and expires—I have ſurviv'd it all;
Surviv'd my reign, my people, and myſelf!
Euph. Fly, Phocion, fly; Melanthon will conduct thee!
Melan. And when th' aſſault begins, my faithful co-
Shall form their ranks around this ſacred dome. [horts
Pho. And my poor captive friends, my brave companions
Taken in battle, wilt thou guard their lives?
Melan. Truſt to my care: no danger ſhall aſſail them.
Pho. By Heav'n, the glorious expectation ſwells
This panting boſom! Yes, Euphraſia, yes;
Awhile I leave you to the care of Heav'n——
Fell Dionyſius, tremble; ere the dawn
Timoleon thunders at your gates——The rage,
The pent-up rage of twenty thouſand Greeks,
Shall burſt at once; and the tumultuous roar

Alarm th' aſtoniſh'd world. 'The brazen gates
'Aſunder ſhall be rent: the tow'rs, the ramparts,
'Shall yield to Grecian valour: death and rage
'Thro' the wide city round ſhall wade in gore.
'And guilty men awake to gaſp their laſt!
'Melanthon, come.'

Evan. Yet ere thou go'ſt, young man,
Attend my words: tho' guilt may oft provoke,
As now it does, juſt vengeance on its head,
In mercy puniſh it. The rage of ſlaughter
Can add no trophy to the victor's triumph;
Bid him not ſhed unneceſſary blood.
Conqueſt is proud, inexorable, fierce;
It is humanity ennobles all;
So thinks Evander. and ſo tell Timoleon.

Pho. Farewel; the midnight hour ſhall give you freedom. [*Exit with* Melanthon *and* Philotas.

Euph. Ye guardian deities, watch all his ways.

Evan. Come, my Euphraſia: 'in this interval
'Together we will ſeek the ſacred author,
'And thank the God whoſe preſence fills the dome,
'For the beſt gift his bounty could beſtow—
'The virtue he has given thee:' there we'll pour
Our hearts in praiſe, in tears of adoration,
For all the wond'rous goodneſs laviſh'd on us. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter Dionyſius *and* Calippus.

Dion. ERE the day clos'd while yet the buſy eye
Might view their camp, their ſtations and their guards,
Their preparations for approaching night,
Didſt thou then mark the motions of the Greeks?

Calip. From the watch-tow'r I ſaw them: all things ſpoke
A foe ſecure, and diſcipline relax'd.
Their arms thrown idly by: the ſoldiers ſtray'd
To one another's tents; their ſteeds no more

Stood

Stood near at hand, capariſon'd for war;
And from the lines numbers pour'd out, to ſee
The ſpot where the beſieg'd had ſallied forth,
And the fierce battle rag'd; to view the ſlain
That lie on heaps upon the crimſon beach.
There the fond brother, the afflicted father,
And the friend, ſought ſome veſtige of the face
Of him who died in battle: night came on;
Some ſlowly gain'd their tents: diſpers'd around
Whole parties loiter'd, touch'd with deep regret;
War, and its train of duties, all forgot.

Dion. Their folly gives them to my ſword: are all
My orders iſſu'd?

Calip All.

Dion. The troops retir'd
To gain recruited vigour from repoſe?

Calip. The city round lays huſh'd in ſleep.

Dion. Anon
Let each brave officer, of choſen valour,
Forſake his couch, and, with delib'rate ſpirit,
Meet at the citadel.—An hour at furtheſt
Before the dawn, 'tis fix'd to ſtorm their camp,
And whelm their men, their arms, their ſteeds and tents
In one prodigious ruin! Haſte, Calippus,
Fly to thy poſt, and bid Euphraſia enter. [*Exit Calippus.*
Evander dies this night: Euphraſia too
Shall be diſpos'd of. Curſe on Phocion's fraud,
That from my pow'r withdrew their infant boy.
In him the ſeed of future kings were cruſh'd,
And the whole hated line at once extinguiſh'd!

Enter Euphraſia.

Dion. Once more approach and hear me: 'tis not now
A time to waſte in the vain war of words?
A criſis big with horror is at hand.
I meant to ſpare the ſtream of blood that ſoon
Shall deluge yonder plains. My fair propoſals
Thy haughty ſpirit has with ſcorn rejected.
And now, by Heaven, here in thy very ſight
Evander breathes his laſt!

Evan. The truce you've granted
Suſpends the rage of war; mean time ſend forth
The orators of peace with olive crown'd.
Timoleon, good and juſt, and ever willing
To conquer rather by perſuaſive truth,
Than by devouring ſlaughter, will agree
In friendly parley to aſſert his rights,
And compromiſe the war.
Dion. And muſt I ſue
For terms of peace?—To an invader ſue?
Since you, the fiend of Syracuſe and Greece,
Since you thus urge me on to deſp'rate daring.
Your father firſt—of him I'll be aſſur'd—
Your father meets his fate!
Euph. If yet there's wanting
A crime to fill the meaſure of thy guilt,
Add that black murder to the dreadful liſt;
With that complete the horrors of thy reign!
Dion. Woman, beware: Philotas is at hand,
And to our preſence leads Evander. All
Thy dark conſplottings, and thy treach'rous arts,
Have prov'd abortive.
Euph. Ha!—What new event?
And is Philotas falſe?—Has he betrayed him? [*Aſide.*
Dion. Evander's doom is ſeal'd! What ho! Philotas!
Now ſhalt thou ſee him die in pangs before thee!
Enter Philotas.
Euph. How my heart ſinks within me!
Dion. Where's your priſ'ner?
Phil. Evander is no more.
Dion. Ha!—Death has robb'd me
Of half my great revenge.
Phil. Worn out with anguiſh,
I ſaw life ebb apace. With ſtudied art
We gave each cordial drop.—Alas! in vain:
He heav'd a ſigh; invok'd his daughter's name,
Smil'd, and expir'd.
Dion. Bring me his hoary head!
Phil. You'll pardon, Sir, my over-haſty zeal,
I gave the body to the foaming ſurge

Down

Down the ſteep rock deſpis'd.
Dion. Now rave and ſhriek,
And rend your ſcatter'd hair! No more Evander
Shall ſway Sicilia's ſceptre.
Euph. Mighty Gods!
The harden'd heart, the man elate with pride,
View with compaſſion! To the bad extend
Some portion of your mercy. Crimes and blood
Have made their ſouls a ſeat of deſolation,
Of woe, deſpair, and horror! Turn to them
An eye of pity: whom your bounty form'd
To truth, to goodneſs, and to gen'rous deeds,
On them no more from your bright ſtores of bliſs
You need diſpenſe: their virtue will ſupport them!
Dion. Now then thou feel'ſt my vengeance!
Euph. Glory in it;
Exult and triumph! Thy worſt ſhaft is ſped!
Yet ſtill th'unconquer'd mind with ſcorn can view thee;
With the calm ſunſhine of the breaſt beholds
Thy pow'r unequal to ſubdue the ſoul
Which virtue form'd, and which the Gods protect.
Dion. Philotas, bear her hence; ſhe ſhall not live;
This moment bear her hence; you know the reſt;
Go, ſee our will obey'd; that done, with all
A warrior's ſpeed attend me at the citadel;
There meet the heroes whom this night I'll lead
To freedom, vict'ry, to glorious havock,
To the deſtruction of the Grecian name! [*Exit.*
Euph. Accept my thanks, Philotas, generous man!
Theſe tears atteſt th' emotions of my heart.
But oh! ſhould Greece defer——
Phil. Diſpel thy fears;
Phocion will bring relief; or ſhould the tyrant
Aſſault their camp, he'll meet a marſhall'd foe.
Let me conduct thee to the ſilent tomb.
Euph. Ah! there Evander, naked and diſarm'd,
Defenceleſs quite, may meet ſome ruffian ſtroke.
Phil. Lo! here's a weapon: bear this dagger to him.
In the drear monument ſhould hoſtile ſteps
Dare to approach him, they muſt enter ſingly;

This guards the paſſage; man by man they die.
There may'ſt thou dwell amidſt the wild commotion.
Euph. Ye pitying Gods, protect my father then!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene the Citadel.

Calippus *and ſeveral officers.*

Firſt Off. What new event thus ſummons us together?
Calip. 'Tis great occaſion calls;—Timoleon's ardor
Comes ruſhing on; his works riſe high in air,
Advance each day, and tow'r above our walls.
One brave exploit may free us——Lo! the king.

Enter Dionyſius.

Dion. Ye brave aſſociates, who ſo oft have ſhar'd
Our toil and danger in the field of glory,
My fellow-warriors, what no God could promiſe,
Fortune hath giv'n us. In his dark embrace
Lo! ſleep envelops the whole Grecian camp.
Againſt a foe, the outcaſts of their country,
Freebooters roving in purſuit of prey,
Succeſs, by war, or covert ſtratagem,
Alike is glorious. Then, my gallant friends,
What need of words? The gen'rous call of freedom,
Your wives, your children, your invaded rights,
All that can ſteel the patriot breaſt with valour,
Expands and rouzes in the ſwelling heart.
Follow th' impulſive ardour; follow me,
Your king, your leader; in the friendly gloom
Of night aſſault their camp; your country's love,
And fame eternal, ſhall attend the men
Who march'd through blood and horror, to redeem,
From the invader's pow'r, their native land.
Calip. Lead to the onſet; Greece ſhall find we bear
Hearts prodigal of blood, when honour colls,
Reſolv'd to conquer. or to die in freedom.
Dion. Thus I've reſolv'd: when the declining moon
Hath veil'd her orb, our ſilent march begins.
The order thus:—Calippus, thou lead forth
Iberia's ſons, with the Numidian bands,
And line the ſhore.—Perdiccas, be it thine
To march thy cohorts to the mountain's foot,

Where

Where the wood ſkirts the valley; there make halt
Till brave Amyntor ſtretch along the vale.
Ourſelf, with the embodied cavalry,
Clad in their mail'd cuiraſs, will circle round
To where their camp extends its furtheſt line;
Unnumber'd torches there ſhall blaze at once,
The ſignal of the charge: then, oh! my friends,
On every ſide let the wild uproar looſe,
Bid maſſacre and carnage ſtalk around,
Unſparing, unrelenting; drench your ſwords
In hoſtile blood, and riot in deſtruction.

Enter an Officer.

Dion. Ha! ſpeak: unfold thy purpoſe!
Officer. Inſtant arm;
To arms, my liege; the foe breaks in upon us;
The ſubterraneous paſs is theirs; that way
Their band invades the city ſunk in ſleep.
Dion. Treaſon's at work: deteſted, treach'rous villains!
Is this their promis'd truce? Away, my friends;
Rouze all the war; fly to your ſev'ral poſts,
And inſtant bring all Syracuſe in arms!
[*Exeunt. Warlike muſic.*

Enter Melanthon.

Calip. Melanthon, now collect your faithful bands!
Melan. Do thou purſue the king; attend his ſteps;
Timoleon lords it in the captive city! *Exit* Calippus.

Enter Philotas.

Melan. Philotas, vengeance has begun its work!
Phil. The gods have ſent relief: diſmay and terror,
And wild amaze, and death in ev'ry ſhape,
Fill the affrighted city!
Melan. Tyrant, now
Th' inevitable hour of fate is come!
Philotas, round the dome that holds Evander
We will arrange our men; there fix our poſt,
And guard that ſpot, till, like ſome God, Timoleon
Still the wild uproar, and bid ſlaughter ceaſe. [*Exeunt.*

Scene, another part of the City.

Enter Dionyſius.

Dion. Why ſleep the coward ſlaves? All things conſpire;
The Gods are leagu'd; I ſee them raze my tow'rs;
My walls and bulwarks fall; and Neptune's trident
From its foundation heaves the ſolid rock!
Pallas directs the ſtorm; her gorgon ſhield
Glares in my view, and from the fleet ſhe calls
Her Greeks enrag'd! In arms I'll meet them all!
What, ho! my guards—Ariſe, or wake no more.

Enter Calippus.

Calip. This way, my liege; our friends, a valiant band,
Aſſemble here!

Dion. Give me to meet the Greek!
Our only ſafety lies in brave deſpair! [*Exeunt.*

Scene the inſide of the Temple. A Monument in the middle.

Euphraſia, Erixene, *and female Attendants.*

Euph. Which way, Erixene, which way, my virgins,
Shall we direct our ſteps? What ſacred altar
Claſp on our knees?

Erix. Alas! the horrid tumult
Spreads the deſtruction wide. On ev'ry ſide
The victor's ſhouts, the groans of murder'd wretches,
In wild confuſion riſe! Once more deſcend
Eudocia's tomb; there thou may'ſt find a ſhelter!

Euph. Anon, Erixene, I mean to viſit,
Perhaps for the laſt time, a mother's urn.
This dagger there, this inſtrument of death,
Should Fortune proſper the fell tyrant's arms,
This dagger then may free me from his pow'r,
And that drear vault intomb us all in peace!
[*Puts up the dagger.*
Hark!—how the uproar ſwells! Alas! what numbers
In Dionyſius' cauſe ſhall yield their throats
To the deſtructive ſword!—Aloft I climb'd

The

The temple's vaulted roof: the ſcene beneath
Is horrible to ſight: our domes and palaces
Blaze to the ſky; and where the flames forbear,
The Greeks, enrag'd, brandiſh the gleaming ſword!
From the high roofs, to ſhun the raging fire,
Wretches precipitate their fall! But oh!
No pauſe, no mercy: to the edge o' th' ſword
They give their bodies; butcher'd, gaſh'd withwounds
They die in mangl'd heaps, and with their limbs
Cover the ſanguine pavement!

Erix. Hark!

Euph. The din
Of arms with clearer ſound advances. Ha!
That ſudden burſt! Again! they ruſh upon us?
The portal opens——Lo! ſee there—The ſoldier
Enters; war invades the ſacred fane!
No altar gives a ſanctuary now! [*Warlike muſic.*

Enter Dionyſius *and* Calippus, *with ſeveral ſoldiers.*

Dion. Here will I mock their ſiege; here ſtand at bay,
And brave 'em to the laſt!

Calip. Our weary foes
Deſiſt from the purſuit.

Dion. Tho' all betray me,
Tho' ev'ry God conſpire, I will not yield!
If I muſt fall, the temple's pond'rous roof,
The manſion of the Gods, combin'd againſt me,
Shall firſt be cruſh'd, and lie in ruin with me!
Euphraſia here! Deteſted, treach'rous woman!
For my revenge preſerv'd! By Heav'n 'tis well;
Vengeance awaits thy guilt, and this good ſword
Thus ſends thee to atone the bleeding victims
This night has maſſacred!

Calip. [*holding Dionyſius's arm.*] My liege, forbear;
Her life preſerv'd may plead your cauſe with Greece,
And mitigate your fate.

Dion. Preſumptuous ſlave!
My rage is up in arms——By Heav'n ſhe dies!——

Enter Evander *from the Tomb.*

Evan. Open, thou cave of death, and give me way!—
Horror!

Horror!—forbear!—Thou murd'rer, hold thy hand!
The Gods behold thee, horrible aſſaſſin!
'Reſtrain the blow;—it were a ſtab to Heav'n;
'All nature ſhudders at it!'—Will no friend
Arm in a cauſe like this a father's hand?
Strike at this boſom rather! Lo! Evander
Proſtrate and groveling on the earth before thee;
He begs to die: exhauſt the ſcanty drops
That lag about his heart; but ſpare my child!

Dion. Evander!—Do my eyes once more behold him?
May the fiends ſeize Philotas! Treach'rous ſlave!
'Tis well thou liv'ſt; thy death were poor revenge
From any hand but mine! [*Offers to ſtrike.*

Euph. No, tyrant, no; [*Ruſhing before Evander.*
I have provok'd your vengeance: through this boſom
Open a paſſage; firſt on me, on me
Exhauſt your fury; ev'ry pow'r above
Commands thee to reſpect that aged head;
His wither'd frame wants blood to glut thy rage;
Strike here; theſe veins are full; here's blood enough;
The purple tide will guſh to glad thy ſight!

Dion. Amazement blaſts and freezes ev'ry pow'r!
'They ſhall not live. Ha! the fierce tide of war,
[*A flouriſh of trumpets.*
'This way comes ruſhing on.' [*Goes to the top of the ſtage.*

Euph. [*embracing Evander.*] Oh! thus, my father,
We'll periſh thus together!

Dion. Bar the gates!
Cloſe ev'ry paſſage, and repel their force!

Evan. And muſt I ſee thee bleed?—Oh! for a ſword!
Bring, bring me daggers!

Euph. Ha!

Dion. [*Coming down the ſtage.*] Guards, ſeize the ſlave,
And give him to my rage!

Evan. [*Seiz'd by the Guards.*] Oh! ſpare her, ſpare her!
Inhuman villains!——

Euph. Now one glorious effort! [*Aſide.*

Dion. Let me diſpatch: thou traitor, thus my arm—

Euph A daughter's arm, fell monſter, ſtrikes the blow!
Yes, firſt ſhe ſtrikes; an injur'd daughter's arm
Sends

Sends thee devoted to th' infernal Gods! [*Stabs him.*
Dion. Deteſted fiend—Thus by a woman's hand!—
[*He falls.*
Euph. Yes, tyrant, yes; in a dear father's cauſe
A woman's vengeance tow'rs above her ſex!
Dion. May curſes blaſt thy arm! May Ætna's fires
Convulſe the land; to its foundation ſhake
The groaning iſle! May civil diſcord bear
Her flaming brand through all the realms of Greece;
And the whole race expire in pangs like mine. [*Dies.*
Euph. Behold, all Sicily behold!—The point
Glows with the tyrant's blood. Ye ſlaves, [*to the guards.*
look there!
Kneel to your rightful king: the blow for freedom
Gives you the right of men!—And oh! my father,
My ever honour'd ſire, it gives thee life!
Evan. My child! my daughter! Sav'd again by thee!
[*He embraces her.——A flouriſh of trumpets.*
Enter Phocion, Melanthon, Philotas, &c.
Pho. Now let the monſter yield.—My beſt Euphraſia!
Euph. My lord! my Phocion! welcome to my heart!
Lo! there the wonders of Euphraſia's arm!
Pho. 'And is the proud one fall'n!' The dawn ſhall
ſee him
A ſpectacle for public view———Euphraſia!
Evander too!——Thus to behold you both——
Evan. To her direct thy looks; there fix thy praiſe,
And gaze with wonder there! The life I gave her—
Oh! ſhe has us'd it for the nobleſt ends!
To fill each duty; make her father feel
The pureſt joy, the heart-diſſolving bliſs
To have a grateful child——But has the rage
Of ſlaughter ceas'd?
Pho. It has.
Evan. Where is Timoleon?
Pho. He guards the citadel; there gives his orders
To calm the uproar, and recall from carnage
His conqu'ring troops.
Euph. Oh! once again, my father,
Thy ſway ſhall bleſs the land. Nor for himſelf
Timoleon conquers:—to redreſs the wrongs

Of

Of bleeding Sicily the hero comes.
The good Melanthon, thee, thou gen'rous man,
His juſtice ſhall reward—Thee too, Philotas,
Whoſe ſympathizing heart could feel the touch
Of ſoft humanity, the hero's bounty,
His brighteſt honours, ſhall be laviſh'd on thee;
Evander too will place you near his throne,
And ſhew mankind, ev'n on this ſhore of being,
That virtue ſtill ſhall meet its ſure reward.
Phil. I am rewarded: feelings ſuch as mine
Are worth all dignities: my heart repays me.
Evan. Come, let us ſeek Timoleon; to his care
I will commend ye both: for now, alas!
Thrones and dominions now no more for me.
To her I give my crown. Yes, thou, Euphraſia,
Shalt reign in Sicily,——And oh! ye pow'rs,
In that bright eminence of care and peril,
Watch over all her ways; conduct and guide
The goodneſs you inſpir'd, that ſhe may prove,
If e'er diſtreſs like mine invade the land,
A parent to her people: ſtretch the ray
Of filial piety to times unborn,
That men may hear her unexampled virtue,
And learn to emulate THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER!

[*Exeunt omnes.*

BRITISH MUSEUM 30 65 OCT

POST.

POSTSCRIPT.

THE Tragedy here offered to the Public, is founded on a paſſage in VALERIUS MAXIMUS*. We are told by that author, "That a woman of ingenuous birth was convicted before the PRÆTOR of a "capital crime, and delivercd over to the TRIUMVIR "to be put to death in priſon. The jailer received her "into his cuſtody, but touched with compaſſion, did "not proceed immediately to execute the ſentence. His "humanity went ſo far as to admit the daughter of the "unhappy criminal into the gaol; but not without a "previous ſearch, leſt any nouriſhment ſhould be ſecretly conveyed. To ſtarve the priſoner to death was "his deſign. Several days paſſed, when it became "matter of wonder how the poor woman ſubſiſted ſo "long. The jailer's curioſity was excited: he watched "the daughter narrowly, and ſaw her give her breaſt to "the famiſhed mother, and, with her milk, ſupply the "cravings of nature. Touched by the novelty of ſo affecting a ſight, he made his report to the TRIUMVIR, "from whom it reached the PRÆTOR, and the whole "matter being referred to the JUDICIAL MAGISTRATES, the mother received a free pardon.—What "will not filial piety undertake?—What place will it "not penetrate?—What will it not deviſe, when in a "dungeon it finds unheard of means to preſerve a parent's life?—Is there, in the courſe of human affairs, "a ſcene ſo big with wonder, as a mother nouriſhed at "the daughter's breaſt?—The incident might, at the "firſt view, be thought repugnant to the order of nature, if TO LOVE OUR PARENTS were not the FIRST "LAW ſtamped by the hand of Nature on the human "heart." Thus far VALERIUS MAXIMUS: He goes on in the ſame place, and tells a Greek tale, in which the heroine performs the ſame act of piety to a father in the decline of life. For the purpoſes of the drama, the latter ſtory has been preferred. The painters long ſince ſeized the ſubject: and by them it has been called ROMAN CHARITY. The Author has taken the liberty to

* Vide Valer. Max. lib. v. c. 4. *de Pietate in Parentes*, 7.

to place it in the reign of DIONYSIUS the Younger, at the point of time when TIMOLEON laid siege to SYRACUSE. The general effect, it was thought, would be better produced, if the whole had an air of real history.

Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet,
Primo ne medium, medio nec discrepet imum.

The Author does not wish to conceal that the subject of this Trajedy has been touched in some foreign pieces, but he thinks it has been *only* touched. The ZELMIRE of Monsr. BELLOY begins after the daughter has delivered her father out of prison. The play indeed has many beauties; and, if the sentiments and business of that piece coincided with the design of the THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER, the Author would not have blushed to walk in the same tract. But a new fable was absolutely necessary: and perhaps in the present humour of the times, it is not unluckly that no more than three lines could be adopted from M. BELLOY. Every writer, who makes up a story with characters and incidents, already hackneyed on the English stage, and invents nothing, cries out with an air of triumph, That he never borrowed from the Wits of FRANCE. In the Isle of Man, it is said, there is an epitaph in these words: "*He who "lies here interred, was never out of this island.*" The poor man was to be pitied; a similar inscription upon the tomb-stone of a modern poet, would, perhaps, do as little honour to the memory of the deceased.

The Author cannot dismiss his Play, without declaring that, though in love with the subject, he has not satisfied even his own ideas of the drama: he laments that he had neither time nor ability to make it better. To heighten it with additional beauties was reserved for the decorations with which the zeal of Mr. GARRICK has embellished the representation: for the admirable performance of Mr. BARRY; and above all, for the enchanting powers and the genius of Mrs. BARRY.

FINIS.

PLAYS *sold by* T. *and* W. LOWNDES. 6*d each*

A Bramule, by Dr. Trapp
Achilles, by Gay
Adventures of Half an Hour
Æſop, by Vanbrugh
Agis, by Mr. Home
Albion and Albanius
Albion Queens, by Banks
Alchimiſt, by Ben Johnſon
Alcibiades, by Otway
All for Love, by Dryden
All's well that ends well
Ambitious Step-mother
Amboyna, by Dryden
Amphytrion, by Dryden
Amphytrion, altered
Anatomiſt, by Ravenſcroft
Anna Bullen, by Banks
Apparition
Arden of Feverſham
Artful Huſband
Artifice, by Mrs. Centlivre
As you like it
Athaliah, by Mr. Duncomb
Aurengzebe, by Dryden
Barbaroſſa, by Dr. Brown
Bartholomew Fair
Baſſet Table, by Centlivre
Beaux Stratagem
Beggars Opera, by Gay
Bitter, by Rowe
Bold Stroke for a Wife
Britiſh Enchanters
Brothers, by Dr. Young
Buſiris, by Dr. Young
Buſy Body, by Centlivre
Cæſar in Egypt
Careleſs Huſband
Cataline, by Ben Johnſon
Cato, by Addiſon
Cheats of Scapin
Chances by D. of Bucks
Chances, by Garrick
Chaplet, by Mendez
Cleomenes, by Dryden
Cobler of Preſton
Comedy of Errors
Comical Lovers, by Cibber
Committee, by Howard
Confederacy, by e Vanbrugh
Conqueſt of Grenada
Conſcious Lovers, by Steele
Conſtant Couple
Conſtantine the Great
Contrivances, by Carey
Country Laſſes
Country Wife
Country Wife, by Garrick
Country Wit, by Crown
Cymbeline, by Garrick
Damon and Phillida
Devil of a Wife
Devil to Pay, by Coffey
Diſtreſſed Mother
Don Carlos, by Otway
Don John, by Shadwell
Double Dealer
Double Gallant, by Cibber
Douglas, by Mr. Home
Dragon of Wantley
Drummer, by Addiſon
Duke and no Duke
Duke of Guiſe, by Dryden
Earl of Eſſex, by Banks
Earl of Eſſex, by Jones
Evening's Love
Every Man in his Humour
Fair Penitent, by Rowe
Fair Quaker of Deal
Falſe Friend, by Vanbrugh
Fatal Secret, by Theobald
Flora, or Hob in the Well
Fox, by Ben Johnſon
Friendſhip in Faſhion

Funeral, by Sir R. Steele
Gameſter, by Centlivre
Gameſter, by Mr. Moore
Gentle Shepherd
George Barnwell, by Lillo
Gloriano, by Lee
Great Favourite
Greenwich Park
Hamlet, by Skakeſpeare
Henry IV. 2 Parts, by ditto
Henry V. by ditto
Henry VI. 3 Parts, by ditto
Henry VIII. by ditto
Henry V. by A. Hill, Eſq.
Honeſt Yorkſhireman
Humours of Purgatory
Jane Gray, by Rowe
Jane Shore, by Rowe
Inconſtant, by Farquhar
Indian Queen, by Dryden
Iſabella, altered by Garrick
Iſland Princeſs, by Motteux
King John, by Shakeſpeare
King Lear, by ditto
King Lear, by Tate
Limberham, by Dryden
Litigants, by Ozell
London Prodigal
Love for Love
Love in a Miſt
Love in a Tub, by Etherege
Love in a Village
Love makes a Man
Love's Laſt Shift
Lying Lover, by Steele
Macbeth, by Shakeſpeare
Mahomet, by Garrick
Maid of the Miſt
Man of Mode, by Etherege
Mariamne, by Fenton
Marplot, by Centlivre
Maſſacre at Paris, by Lee
Medea, by Mr. Glover
Meaſure for Meaſure
Merchant of Venice
Merope, by A. Hill, Eſq.
Merry Wives of Windſor
Miller of Mansfield
Minor, by Foote
Miſer, by Fielding
Miſtake, by Vanbrugh
Mourning Bride
Much ado about Nothing
Muſtapha, by Lord Orrery
Nero, Emperor of Rome
Nonjuror, by C. Cibber
Œdipus, by Dryden
Old Batchelor, by Congreve
Orphan, by Otway
Oroonoko, by Southern
Othello, by Shakeſpeare
Perjured Huſband
Perolla and Izadora
Phædra and Hippolitus
Philotas, by Frowde
Pilgrim, by Beaumont
Plutus, by Theobald
Polly, by Gay
Propheteſs, by Beaumont
Provok'd Huſband
Provok'd Wife
Recruiting Officer
Rehearſal, by D. of Bucks
Relapſe, by Vanbrugh
Refuſal, by Cibber
Revenge, by Dr. Young
Richard III. by C. Cibber
Rival Fools, by Cibber
Rival Ladies, by Dryden
Rival Queens, by Barry
Roman Father
Romeo and Juliet, altered
Roſamond, by Addiſon
Royal Merchant
Rule a Wife
School Boy, by Cibber

Scornful Lady
She would and ſhe would not, by Cibber
She would if ſhe could
Siege of Aquileia
Siege of Damaſcus
Silent Woman
Sir Courtly Nice
Sir Harry Wildair
Sir Martin Mar-All
Sir Walter Raleigh
Sophroniſba, by Lee
Spaniſh Friar, by Dryden
Squire of Alſatia
Stage Coach, be Farquhar
State of Innocence
Strollers, by Brevall
Suſpicious Huſband
Tamerlane, by Rowe
Tancred and Sigiſmunda
Tempeſt, by Shakeſpeare
Tender Huſband, by Steele
Theodoſius, by Lee
Timon of Athens
Titus and Berenice, with the Cheats of Scapin
Toy-ſhop, by Doddeſley
Troilus and Creſſida
Twelfth Night
Twin Rivals
Two Gentlemen of Verona

PLAYS *in Octavo, at* 1*s and* 6*d. each.*

ACcompliſhed Maid
Achilles, an Opera
Agis, by Mr. Lee
Alonzo, by Mr. Home
Alzuma, by Mr. Murphy
All in the Wrong
Amintas, by Taſſo
Art and Nature
Arminius, by Patterſon
Aſtrologer, by Ralph
Tyrannic Love, by Dryden
Venice Preſerv'd
Venus and Adonis
Veſtal Virgin, by Howard
Ulyſſes, by Rowe
Way of the World
What d'ye call it? by Gay
Wife to be let
Wife's Relief, by Johnſon
Wild Gallant, by Dryden
Wit without Money
Woman's a Riddle
Woman's Revenge
Wonder, by Centlivre
Xerxes, by C. Cibber
Zara, with the Interlude
Albumazar, 1s.
Eaſtward Hoe, 1s.
Fair Circaſſian, 1s.
Gentleman Dancing Maſter, 1s.
Love and a Bottle, 1s.
Love in a Wood, 1s.
Miſer, Fr. and Eng. 1s.
New Way to pay old Debts, 1s.
Paſquin, 1s.
Plain Dealer, 1s.
Plague of Riches, French and Engliſh, 1s.
Perkin Warbeck, 1s.
Plain Dealer, 1s.
Athelſtan, by Dr. Brown
Athelwold, by A. Hill, Eſq.
Author's Farce, by Fielding
Bankrupt, by Mr. Foote
Barbaroſſa, by Dr. Brown
Battle of Haſtings
Beggars Opera, with Muſic
Beggars Opera Songs, for Harpſichord, Violin, or German Flute, 4to

Belles Stratagem
Braganza, by Mr. Jephſon
Brothers, by Cumberland
Caractacus, by Mr. Maſon
Cælia, or Perjured Lover
Chapter of Accidents
Cholerick Man
Clandeſtine Marriage
Cleone, by Mr. Dodeſley
Cleonice, by Mr. Hoole
Coffee-houſe Politician
Commiſſary, by Mr. Foote
Conſtantine, by Francis
Country Girl
Counteſs of Saliſbury
Corialanus, by Thomſon
Cozeners, by Mr. Foote
Creuſa, by Mr. Whitehead
Critic, by Mr. Sheridan
Cymon, by Mr. Garrick
Cymbeline, by Hawkins
Cyrus, by Mr. Hoole
Devil on two Sticks
Diſtreſſed Wife, by Gay
Douglas, by Mr. Home
Dupe, by Mr. Sheridan
Dr. Laſt in his Chariot
Earl of Eſſex, by Jones
Earl of Eſſex, by Brookes
Elfred, by A. Hill, Eſq.
Elfrida, by Mr. Maſon
Elvira, by Mallet
Emilia, by Mr. Meilan
Engliſh Merchant
Eugenia, by Francis
Eurydice, by Mr. Mallet
Fair Circaſſian
Falſe Delicacy, by Kelly
Faſhionable Lover
Fatal Diſcovery
Fatal Viſion, by A. Hill
Fathers, by Mr. Fielding
Gameſter, by Mr. Moore
Gil Blas, by Mr. Moore
Grub ſtreet Opera
Guardian Outwitted
Hecuba, by Dr. Dilap
Henry II. by Mr. Hull
Henry V. by Mr. Hill
Henry VIII. by Grove
Heroine of the Cave
Inſolvent, by A. Hill
Irene, by Dr. Johnſon
King Charles I.
Know your own Mind
Lame Lover, by Mr. Foote
Law of Lombardy
Love in a Riddle
Love in ſeveral Maſques
Love in the City
Lyar, by Mr. Foote
Mahomet, altered
Maid of the Oaks
Maid of the Mill
Maid of Bath, by Mr. Foote
Man and Wife
Man of Taſte
Man of Buſineſs
Matilda, by Dr. Franklin
Methodiſt
Midas, by K. O'Hara, Eſq.
Minor, by Mr. Foote
Modern Huſband
Momus turn'd Fabuliſt
Mother-in-Law
Muſtapha, by Mr. Mallet
Myſterious Huſband
Nabob, by Mr. Foote
Northumberland
Oliver Cromwell
Orators, by Mr. Foote
Orphan of China
Patron, by Mr. Foote
Paſquin, by Fielding
Percy, by Miſs More
Perplexities, by Hull

Periander, by Atkins
Philoclea, by Mr. Morgan
Plain Dealer, altered
Platonic Wife
Refusal, by C. Cibber
Regulus, by Mr. Havard
Rinaldo, by A. Hill, Esq.
Rivals, by Mr. Sheridan
Roman Revenge
Royal Merchant
Scanderbeg, by Havard
School for Wives
School for Lovers
School for Guardians
School for Rakes
Sethona, by Col. Dow
She Stoops to Conquer
Siege of Aquileia
Siege of Sinope
Sir Thomas Overbury
Sister, by Mrs. Lenox
Students
Summer's Tale
Temple Beau, by Fielding
Timanthes, by Mr. Hoole
Times, by Mrs. Griffiths
Timon of Athens
Trip to Scarborough
Timon in Love, by Ralfe
Themistocles
'Tis well it's no worse
Tom Jones
Variety
Village Opera
Virginia, by Mr. Grispe
Virgin Queen
Universal Gallant
Universal Passion
Way to keep him
West Indian
Which is the Man
Widowed Wife
Word to the Wise
Zingis, by Col. Dow

FARCES, *&c. Octavo, One Shilling each.*

Absent Man
Achilles in Petticoats
Albumazar, by Garrick
All the World's a Stage
Almena, by Mr. Rolt
Amelia, by Cumberland
Amintas, by Tenducci
Amphitryon, alter'd
An Hour before Marriage
Antony and Cleopatra
Apprentice, by Murphy
Artaxerxes, by Arne
Artifice, by Mr. Miles
Author by Mr. Foote
Beggars Wedding
Beggars Opera Tunes for the Flute
Bickerstaff's unburied dead
Boarding School by Coffey
Bon Ton, by Mr. Garrick
Catharine and Petruchio
Chances, altered by Garrick
Christmas Tale, altered
Citizen, by Mr. Murphy
Comus, by Dalton
Comus, by G. Colman
Confederates, by Breval
Cottagers, by Goodenough
Country Wife, altered
Covent Garden Tragedy
Cross Purposes
Cunning Man
Damon and Phillida
Daphne and Amyntor
Debauchees, by Fielding
Deaf Lover
Deserter. by Mr. Dibdin
Devil of a Duke
Dido, by Mr. Bridges
Dutchman, by Mr. Bridges

Edgar and Emmeline
Eliza, by Mr. Rolt
Engliſhman at Paris
———— returned
Epheſian Matron
Fairy Prince
Flitch of Bacon
Fair Quaker, by Thomſon
Fancy'd Queen
Fatal Extravagance
Frenchified Lady
Gameſters, by Garrick
Gipſies, by Mr. Dibden
Golden Pippin
Guardian, by Mr. Garrick
Hamlet, by Jennings
High Life below Stairs
Hiſtorical Regiſter
Hoſpital for Fools
Hotel, or Double Valet
Intriguing Chambermaid
Iriſh Widow
Jovial Crew
Judgment of Paris
King Arthur, by Garrick
King Lear, by Jennings
Knights, by Mr. Foote
Letter-Writers
Lethe, by D. Garrick, Eſq;
Lilliput, by ditto,
Liverpool Prize
Livery Rake, by Philips
Lottery, by Fielding
Love and Innocence
Love at firſt Sight
Lying Valet, by Garrick
Macbeth, by Jennings
Magnet
Mad Captain by Drury
May Day, and Theatrical Candidates
Mayor of Garrat
Merry Cobler, with Muſic
Midas, alter'd by Beard
Midſummer Night's Dream
Mileſian, by Mr. Jackman
Minorca, by Mr. Dell
Mirror, by ditto
Miſs in her Teens
Miſs Lucy in Town
Mock Doctor, by Fielding
Muſic in Mourning, and Merlin in Love
Muſical Lady
Neck or Nothing
Note of Hand
Old Maid, by Murphy
Old Man taught Wiſdom
Oroonoko, alter'd
Othello, by Jennings
Padlock, by Bickerſtaff
Peep behind the Curtain
Perplexed Lovers
Pharnaces, by Mr. Hull
Philaſter, altered
Polly Honeycombe
Portrait, by Mr. Colman
Quaker, by Mr. Dibdin
Rehearſal, or Bayes in Petticoats
Repriſal, by Dr. Smollet
Rival Candidates
Romeo and Juliet
Roſe, by Dr. Arne
Roſina, by Mrs. Brooke
Royal Shepherd
Sham Beggar
She Gallant
Shepherd's Artifice
Spleen, by Mr. Colman
Stateſman foiled
Taſte, by Mr. Foote
Thomas and Sally
Tom Thumb, by Fielding,
Valentine's Day, by Hurd
Vanella

BRITISH MUSEUM 30 65 OCT